POLLY
IN THE ORIENT

LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY
Author of WOODCRAFT SERIES, Etc.

THE POLLY BREWSTER SERIES

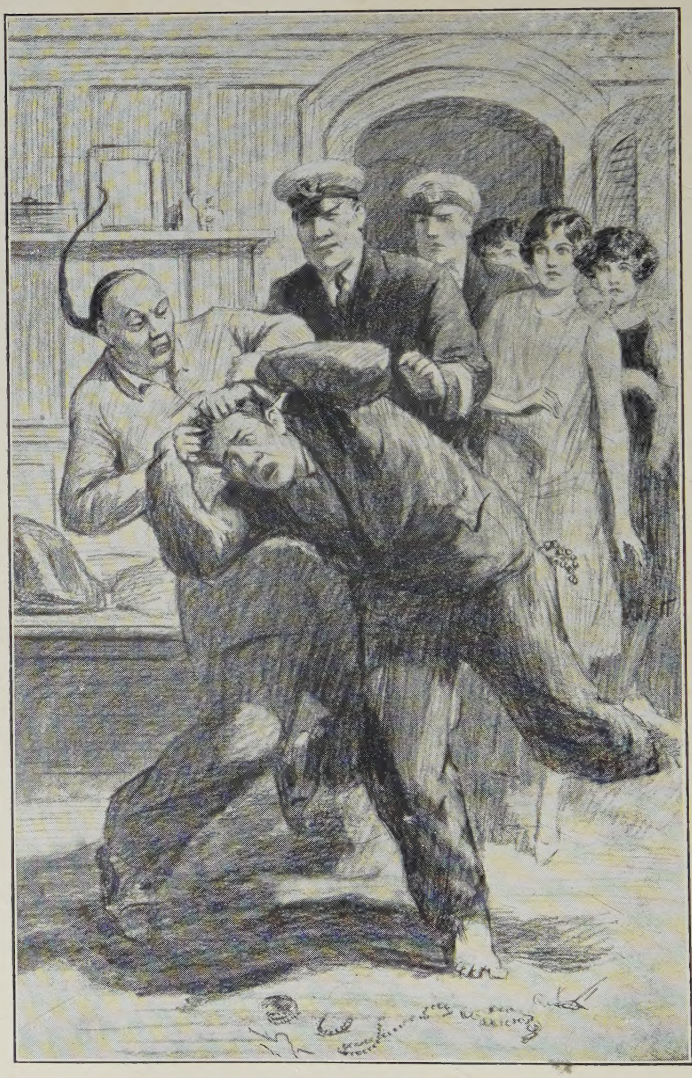
POLLY IN THE ORIENT

By LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

Tells how the Honeymooners found a yacht for the cruise to the Far East—in this case it would be going west from California. They have said goodby to the Tainters, and to Mal, Bobo and Red, and are off for Hawaii. It was rather dull on the yacht, without other admirers than Jenks and Allen, the two Mates, and the Captain and Dalky. But they cheer up quickly, upon reaching the hotel in Honolulu, where Dalky meets an old friend who, with his wife and two grown sons, are going to Japan and China to study the production of tea and silk. Of course Dalky insists upon the family becoming one of the Yacht Family and thus the girls, Polly, Nolla and Dodo find ample opportunity to keep in training for their own beaux, when they meet once more. The hazards they take in Hawaii, and then in Japan and China, make an alluring tale.

LOOK ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF THIS JACKET

POLLY IN THE ORIENT



THE COOK DECIDED HE WAS JUSTIFIED IN PUNISHING HIS PRISONER.

POLLY IN THE ORIENT

By
LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

AUTHOR OF
THE POLLY BREWSTER BOOKS,
THE GIRL SCOUTS BOOKS,
THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS
SERIES, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
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POLLY IN THE ORIENT

CHAPTER I

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA

A LOUD yawning and several snorts announced the fact that Eleanor Maynard, Polly Brewster's chum and best friend, was coming to life once more, after the prolonged celebration of the Dalkens' wedding. The two girls, occupying a double room in one of the best hotels in San Francisco, had slept on through the morning, regardless of telephone calls, knocks upon the door and other sounds that were calculated to rouse the sleeping dead.

"Ho, there! are you awake, Polly?" called Eleanor, turning over in bed and trying to get a peep at the silent one in the neighboring twin bed.

"No-oo—I'm fast asleep. Don't bother me," came the impatient answer from Polly.

"All right," chuckled Eleanor amiably. "Since you are able to hear me and reply, in a fashion, I feel encouraged to continue my talk. I have something very important to tell you."

"Then it will be the first important thing you ever had to say," grumbled Polly, turning her face away from the light, which came from the window

"That is your opinion—others do not think the same as you do, fortunately for me," retorted Eleanor goodnaturedly. "But I can make due allowances for your opinions at present. Who wouldn't have a dark-blue outlook on the world the morning following such a pace as we set San Francisco last night. You must have worn the cushions off the soles of your feet, Poll, the way you danced every dance."

Polly's head bobbed up for a moment and she said: "Is that the important information you wish to share with me? Just about what I thought it'd be." And then she burrowed her face in the pillows again, to signify she was through listening to conversation.

"No, that was only an introduction, to see if you were actually awake enough to hear what I have to tell. Since I find you are I will go on with my say. Perhaps you will be thrilled to

hear that Corney Tainter is not thinking of joining the honeymoon party," was Eleanor's news, as she sat up and watched her friend's reaction.

"And is *that* all?" mumbled Polly, in a tone that signified the news was very old.

"Perhaps I can tell more, but I'm disgusted with the way you received my information, so now I'm through!" declared Eleanor, throwing herself back, as though to try another nap.

A moment later a sharp rap upon the door startled both girls into sitting postures: and a bell-hop's voice in the corridor spoke to them. "Special delivery letter to Miss Polly Brewster."

That brought both girls out of bed, and Polly ran to open the door far enough to have the letter thrust into her extended hand.

Who's it from, Poll?" demanded Eleanor, as she hurried to her friend's side to scan the writing.

"South America! Colombia! Tom!" squealed Polly delightedly, as she saw the post mark and recognized the hand writing.

"Oh, goodness! do read it out to me," begged Eleanor. "It is the first news we've had from the boys in an age. How wonderful to have it come just after we arrive from our Alaskan

trip. I wish Paul had tried to get a letter here for me just at this time."

This gave Polly an idea, and she tried to read the date stamped on the envelope. "Why, Nolla!" exclaimed she, "this letter must have been waiting in San Francisco for a month. See the date it was received at the post office here. I wonder they did not forward it to me."

"Oh, well, they'll have twenty good excuses to your one complaint," returned Eleanor. "But do open and read it, Poll, or the news will be another day late."

Without further urging Polly tore open the envelope, and pulled forth a sheaf of papers closely covered with writing.

"Look at the odds and ends of stationery," laughed Eleanor, while Polly examined the scraps of paper that comprised the letter.

"Paper must be at a premium down in Colombia," was Polly's comment. But she lost no more time over the material, but now devoted her attention to what was written upon the paper. So intimate were these two girl friends that neither had any secrets from the other. Therefore Polly read her letter from Tom aloud to Eleanor.

"Dearest little girl:

'Here I am on the top deck of a river steamboat wondering what you are doing and whether you are freezing to death in Alaska. It seems strange that you should be way up with the icebergs and I should be here, where the sun bakes one black in no time. Just at present we are all sweltering with the terrific heat and river fog. We are not acclimated yet, and the boys are feeling rather seedy, because of the humidity and lack of any comforts and conveniences. Of course we expected to rough it, after we got in the mountains, but we had no idea of just how we would have to put up with all sorts of discomforts and lack of food, to which we have always been accustomed. Don't think for a moment, Polly darling, that I am complaining: I am not; but I merely state facts in order to give you a faint conception of our manner of living. Also to explain perhaps the cause for Jack Baxter's serious illness. I wrote you in a previous letter that our old chum had been ill with a fever for several days. This letter I mailed at the first riverine town at which we stopped for fuel; but so uncertain are the mails that you may not have received it. This letter I am mailing by hand to hand from our steamer to the down-boat, which will meet us at noon. In this way I shall feel sure of having my news go on to you direct from Cartagena by the next northbound boat to San Francisco.

'At the time of this writing I must say that Jack is a very sick boy. Fuzzy and Alex. are deeply concerned about his condition. We hear from the captain and natives that the river fever is fatal to strangers from the North; and I will add that I should say this frightful climate and wretched living conditions would be sufficient to wreck the finest constitution. Even I, accustomed as I have been for years to the rough life in the Rockies, feel as miserable as I dare be. Were it not for the fact that Fuzzy needs me to keep going for the sake of the other boys, who are not toughened by mine or camp life, I believe I'd throw up the great dream of locating that gold mine down here. If I did such a thing you'd see me on the next steamer homeward bound. But that is only a vision. I am very much here, bound to my pals, in their present and future experiences.

'I wrote you all about our voyage, from the time we saw the last of you on the wharf, waving your handkerchiefs, till the day we stopped at Colon and picked up my brother Jim and Ken Evans. Maybe the two kids were not excited at being members of this South American Expedition! Even now, with all the pep roasted out of their enthusiasm, and the thrills battened down to mere threads of nervous response to the idea of being here, the two kids are our main source of hope and faith in the future.

'To go back to Jack Baxter again. He was feeling fine, all through our stay of a few days at Cartagena; and then when we boarded this boat to start on the river trip to Pt. Berrio, where we are to leave the steamer and go on the railroad, to the mountains, he began to feel languid and wanted to remain quiet all the time. In another day's time, however, Fuzzy realized he had a sick patient on his hands. Here we were on this unmentionable boat with no way of caring for a sick person. Fortunately we had our own medicine kit with us, or there would not have been any quinine to give poor Jack. We dosed him with everything we could remember to be good for fever but he does not respond. You wouldn't recognize the poor chap now. He is thin as a rail and pays no heed to anything or anybody. If we can manage to keep him alive until we reach Pt. Berrio, there may be hope for his life. You see, it is this way:

'When we got aboard the boat for this voyage we met an old native who lives at Pt. Berrio. He had been in Cartagena for a few days on business, and he had his two girls with him. One is dark and about to be married, so she bought her wedding finery in the City. The other, the younger of the two, is very fair and blonde and looks like anything but a Colombian girl. Well, to cut a long story short, this big native said that

once we got Jack away from the awful steaming air of the Magdalena River and could place him in a quiet home to be nursed, there would be hope for his recovery. But we are several days' journey still from Pt. Berrio, the only decent port where we would dare to stop with Jack. Meantime the native's lovely blonde daughter takes care of Jack. She sings when he starts to rave in delirium, and that instantly quiets him. She has a marvelous voice, too, natural tones and sweet as a bird's. The big native—a well-bred, dignified man he is,—explained how she goes about the village of Pt. Berrio and visits all the sick folk. When she sings to them they feel better, and the adoring father declares that many a life has been saved through her singing and soothing ways.

'Well, Jack certainly responds to the musical treatment, and I only hope that this girl will be able to keep him alive, until we can remove him from this beastly boat to a cooler spot away from the malarial mists of the Magdalena.

'Ken is keeping a diary of everything that happens to us on this expedition. We laugh at him for entering the minute items and least important matters; but he says that it all goes to create the atmosphere of a book. Did you know he is set on writing a book of his adventures down here? He declares a book of that sort, written

by the one who lived the life of adventure down here, will make a fine story for boys. Well, maybe he is right. I wish him all the luck possible, for he is a dear lad and needs the money for such a book, to help him along in his last year at college.

'The other boys, and Fuzzy and Alex. are well, and send their best to you and the other girls. Paul is not saying much to me at this moment, but I see he is away by himself writing a letter, so I make bold to say that Nolla might look for a letter from him about the same time this reaches you. But I have the last special delivery stamp in the outfit, and it is going on your letter, with all best wishes for a speedy answer from you.

'Dearest, best of girls, I will not tease you now by asking the old but ever new question so important to me; but believe me, if I say that it is never out of my thoughts, nor are you far from my mind. I seem to be living and hoping only for the time to come when you will realize that you might be happy as Mrs. Tom Latimer. I don't care how many years you would want to wait, before settling down at last; but I will say that I see no reason why we should not be engaged during the years you want to travel.

'I can fancy your eyebrows puckering in displeasure now, at this reference to a long engagement, so I will stop right here.

'With best regards to all our friends, and with all my love to you, dear one,

'I am ever, your faithful one,

'TOM.'"

As Polly concluded reading the letter, the two girls sat and gazed at each other in dismay. Then Eleanor spoke first.

"Jack Baxter down there sick! It doesn't seem possible."

"And this letter is more than six weeks old already. It was held here a month, and it took more than two weeks to come here from the interior, where it was written," added Polly, not daring to express her fear in words.

Eleanor understood her, and answered: "But surely Dalky would have had a cable, or some word from Fuzzy if anything had happened to dear old Jack."

"If they are so far from modern conveniences, as Tom hints at in this letter, how could they manage to get a wire through to us? And there has been another little revolution going on in Colombia, you know," suggested Polly.

"Dear me! I wish the boys had never gone there," cried Eleanor. "If there is so much

fever and fogs and animals to annoy them, why don't they come back home? I'm sure we all have money and to spare, that they do not need to risk their lives there for gold."

"It's not only the gold mine, but you remember they were crazy to go with Fuzzy and Alex. They craved the adventures as well as the work in the mines—which is manlike, you know. Then there are Paul and Ken who need the start such mining shares will give them. By being one of that group of engineers the two boys will get a nice slice of stock in the mining company—which they would not get if they had remained cozily at home, Nolla."

"Well, I know," argued Eleanor. "But I mean that Dad has more than enough money for us to live upon, and Paul is taking fearful chances in return for some shares of mining stock."

"Your brother Pete is taking the same chances, and so is Tom and Jack. In fact, Paul is risking no more than any other one in the party, but I am glad to hear you prefer Paul, Nolla. You haven't wasted any too much time or love over him since he left; and I even doubted your allegiance at one time, when we were having such happy times on our Alaskan trip, with

the other boys present." Polly had never said so much to her friend concerning her love affair with Paul Stewart; but now she wondered how Eleanor would take the criticism and counsel.

Eleanor was a very well-balanced girl, however, and she knew she had flirted outrageously with Mal and Red, and Bob and Corney, but she excused herself by laughingly saying: "I am quite safe in having numbers fall in love with me." So she smiled and replied to Polly's reprimand.

"When I agreed to wear Paul's diamond ring, by which to remember him, there was no promise to wear crêpe, and pull my mouth down at the corners. Paul knows how flippant I am, and what a butterfly nature I have. How useless then to put a harness on a gay little moth, to keep her from alighting upon every inviting flower it finds conveniently at hand! That is *me,* exactly, Polly. But I know when I have found the flower which holds the honey I must have!"

Polly smiled, and nodded her head. "All right, then. I'll say no more about it."

"You'd better not, seeing that you are so stony-hearted, that you won't even make Tom happy by letting him *hope* during a score of

years, with the promise of eventually becoming his wife," was Eleanor's ready retort.

"I don't believe in these long engagements, and I certainly am not going to put an end to all my enjoyable tours with you and Dalky and Mrs. C. Now that she is Mrs. Dalky, we ought to have more fun than ever out of our travels. Once I am married I shall have to settle down and mend Tom's socks and sew buttons on his shirts,—and I wasn't patterned for a seamstress, Nolla."

"Nonsense! You know as well as I do that Tom wouldn't let you darn stockings, nor would he permit you to sew buttons on his clothes. He'd buy patent button fasteners, just like we have on our shoes." Eleanor laughed merrily at the picture she sketched.

"To hear you campaign for Tom, one would think you were keen about getting me out of the way," grumbled Polly. "If you but knew how important a factor I am in making you happy on these cruises and travels, you might not be so anxious to marry me off."

Eleanor laughed. "Perhaps I wouldn't boost Tom's stock at all, if I thought there was any danger of your taking me up on my advice.

Why, I really do not know *what* I should do, if I were to lose your companionship! I'd have to retire to some convent, or other solitary confinement, to waste my life on nothing forever after.

"You big silly!" said Polly, laughing, nevertheless, at her friend's words. "We'd better get busy and dress, and go find out if Dalky has heard from Fuzzy. It's luncheon time, anyway, and we'd better hurry, if we'd be one of the party to shop for the necessities we'll need for the Honeymoon Cruise."

Consequently two very busy girls were here, there, and everywhere around that room for the next ten minutes, in order to dress for the day and then hurry out to join their friends.

Meanwhile it would be an opportune time for us to refresh our memories with Polly Brewster's past; and Eleanor Maynard, her best friend; also regarding Mr. Dalken, of New York, who so recently was married to Mrs. Courtney, an English lady; and the friends to whom they are dear, and of whom we have been speaking in the past books.

Of course you remember that Polly Brewster, the Colorado ranch girl, and Eleanor May-

nard, of Chicago, became sworn friends the first summer they met at Pebbly Pit Ranch, the Brewster's home. You also recall how the gold mine was discovered during the awful blizzard that caught the girls up on Grizzly Slide Peak, one of the Rocky Mountain glaziers. And how this mine became the personal source of income to defray Polly's expenses to go to New York to school.

In the second volume of the series, *Polly and Eleanor,* you remember how the girls met Jim Latimer and Kenneth Evans? The two college boys who were studying civil engineering in the East, but had come West that summer to get experiences at first hand? In this book you also became acquainted with Tom Latimer, who was John Brewster's college chum and best friend. And how Tom fell in love with Polly, who was too young to think of a beau at that time. But Tom kept his secret hidden in his heart for long enough to permit Polly to grow up. And then Polly and Eleanor went to New York, to attend school under Anne Stewart's charge. In New York they discovered that they yearned to become interior decorators; and so they began night classes at Cooper Union, to acquire all the

knowledge they could of this fascinating study. While at Cooper Union they became very friendly with Mr. Fabian, the instructor, who introduced them to Mr. Ashby, of the famous Ashby Shops, Inc. And in this way the two girls finally became acquainted with Mr. Dalken, the loyal and best man friend they had.

After that first year in New York the two girls were invited to join Mr. Fabian's party, that was to tour Europe and visit the famous museums, and places of interest to antique collectors. On board the steamer they met the Alexanders, and Dorothy Alexander (Dodo for short) became a third friend in the group of girls.

After the European trip, Polly and Eleanor returned to New York and decided they would like to try a little business for a change. So the book called *Polly's Business Venture* followed the one called *Polly and Her Friends Abroad.*

Mr. Dalken became a very important friend in the group now; and thus it was that Polly and Eleanor were invited to become members of a party planned to cruise to the South in the winter. All the adventures and thrills which happened to the voyagers are told in the book

called *Polly's Southern Cruise.* And this led up to the continuation of the voyage, from the West Indies, across the Caribbean Sea, and through the Panama Canal; thence down the West Coast of South America, until they reached Chili, just about the time of the dreadful earthquake. How the yacht and the travelers escaped, and all the experiences which followed, are told in *Polly in South America.* Then came the invitation from Mr. Dalken to accompany him to the Southwest. Of course Mrs. Courtney had to go as the chaperon, and the party, augmented by the Alexanders, after reaching the West, had one wonderful time. The new friends made and the funny incidents provided by Mrs. Alex.'s masquerading young millionaire, who turned out to be anything but that which he professed to be, helped to make entertaining reading in the story of *Polly in the Southwest.* Last, but decidedly not the least, came *Polly in Alaska.* This Alaskan trip was hastily planned, when Mr. Dalken learned of extensive mining interests in the North, to be had by some influential company. Since he and his friends were powerful enough on Wall Street, to control big business interests, he concluded to go and investi-

gate the proposition. Thus it came about that Polly and her friends met Mr. Tainter and his nephew Cornelius, two Englishmen who were on their way to Alaska to study the coal situation there. There were three other young men in the touring party; also a Mrs. Adair and Lois. But Mr. Tainter, senior, proved to be the most valuable discovery made on this Alaskan trip, because he had known the late Mr. Courtney very well; and learning that Mrs. Courtney was not aware that she had been widowed, and was free from bonds which had galled, he told her the entire story of Mr. Courtney's last years of life.

This news rejoiced Mr. Dalken, who realized that now there was no obstacle to his marriage with the lady he had loved devotedly, for a long time, it was time the ceremony took place. So the girls played a conspicuous part in the wedding, which was celebrated directly after landing in San Francisco. And it was the morning after the party that Polly and Eleanor were sleeping late and finally started this story of *Polly in the Orient* with Eleanor's sleepy question to her friend.

Down in the breakfast room the two girls

found several members of their party at a table. Some were finishing their late meal; others were through, and were reviewing the party of the preceding evening. Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Adair had not appeared, and Dodo informed her friends that no one need look for her mother until evening. Lois stated that her mother might, or again she might not, join them that evening, or the following morning: either way was uncertain. The others laughed, because that was exactly like Mrs. Adair—she was very uncertain.

"Perhaps Corney and I shall have to leave our goodbys with you two girls, to give to your mothers," announced Mr. Tainter.

"Oh! you don't mean to say that you are leaving so soon?" cried Polly, with sincere regret.

"Yes; several letters received this morning—some of them having been held up here for a long time—make it imperative that we return to England without a day's delay," explained Mr. Tainter.

"That reminds me!" exclaimed Polly, turning to Mr. Dalken. "I had a long overdue letter from Tom this morning, in which he says that

Jack Baxter is very ill with fever. Have you had any word from Fuzzy?"

Mr. Dalken seemed not surprised, as Polly and Eleanor thought he should be; and, after a few moments of thought, he explained.

"I received a long message from Fuzzy, when we touched at Seattle. I did not think it wise to speak of it then, because I did not wish to dampen the festivities, that you girls were looking forward to. Had the news been *very* serious I would have spoken to you; but it was encouraging, and I replied by a telegram—when it will be delivered only goodness knows. However, I had another message upon arriving in San Francisco; and the latest news relieves my mind completely, as far as Jack's state of health is concerned; though Fuzzy fears the state of his heart is deeply involved again. This time it impresses Fuzzy as being genuine love, and he wonders what might result in the end, because the girl he adores is the adopted daughter of the native, who has been such a help and a friend to them all."

The different expressions on the faces in the circle around the breakfast table were so characteristic of their thoughts that Mrs. Dalken

smiled. Not one but showed a certain shock to *their* conceptions of the proper way to fall in love—providing it was a white girl one knew, of course!

"I think you are taking an unfair advantage of the girls, with your news, Dalky," said Mrs. Dalken, smiling reassuringly at the girls. "I am going to relieve their concern, by telling them that this girl is a foundling, whose parents met death in an unknown way—that is, we know nothing of the particulars. Apparently, the girl is of English origin, and beautiful enough to turn the heads of all the boys down there—even Tom and Paul." The last was said with a warning smile and nod towards Polly and Eleanor.

"Then that's not so bad," sighed Dodo, with relief. "I pictured a swarthy skinned Indian maid being introduced to us, some time in the dim future, as the newly made Mrs. John Baxter."

Then Mr. Dalken ventured an opinion. "If Jack follows his usual course in his love affairs this poor little South American maid will love and lose him, as other girls have done. You all know Jack's propensities for falling violently in love, and then falling out again, as soon as he

sees the object of his adoration too often. Well, I hope for the peace of this girl's mind that she is not impressed by her patient's fever of love. She is the girl that nursed him, and she is responsible for his being alive now, Fuzzy writes. I should say it would be a mean return for her care and attention for the sick young man, should that patient be the means of causing her any heartaches."

"How very romantic it all sounds," murmured Polly. "It would be just like Jack to remain in love with such a girl—one he is not sure of winning. Naturally, if the girl is intelligent,—which I hope she is, to hold Jack's regard,—she will see that she would not be an eligible bride for the rich young man from the United States. That is, until she trained in the ways of us Americans."

"We really know little about her," commented Mrs. Dalken. "She may be educated and refined. They have convent schools in Colombia, you know. So I think we must wait before we express any opinions, and learn more about the girl. Perhaps all this talk is for nothing, because Jack may have outgrown his affair already. It may have been but the result of his weakened

condition, and the gratitude for the nursing he got. Every man experiencing a serious illness in a hospital, falls in love with his nurse, be she ever so ugly and unresponsive. Then he recovers quickly, the moment he is discharged."

"That's so, Mrs. Dalken," laughed Mr. Tainter. "And that may be the way it is with Jack Baxter."

The news imparted by Mr. Dalken was not of the nature to be soon forgotten by the girls; hence they had much to talk about—first there was Jack and his illness; then there was the possibility of his really being in love this time, and perhaps persuading the unknown to consent to marry him.

"Because, you know," said Eleanor, "the girls in South America get married so young. It would not seem strange to them, and of course Jack is as old as Tom and Paul—old enough to marry."

"Age is the least of the worry," returned Polly. "What concerns us most is the question of who knows anything about this girl. Why, Fuzzy hasn't even mentioned her name. How did she come to be in that wilderness, and why doesn't that Indian send her home to her folks?

I suppose he must have known her family, so he ought to know all about her."

"We will learn about these matters in following letters, I suppose," said Mrs. Dalken. "Communciations between here and there are so uncertain; and Jack may be completely recovered now, and cured of his acute attack of love. At least, he will have to go with his party into the interior where the mines are located, and that ought to cool his ardor for a time. Working so hard, exposed to the rough life, and daily experiencing the adventures of the expedition, will exclude the romance germ, I'm sure."

CHAPTER II

OFF FOR HONOLULU

MRS. DALKEN left the girls to enjoy their talk about the party of the preceding night, and went to attend to personal matters. The moment she had gone Eleanor remarked to her friends, "Well now that we have married off our Prize Package to our beloved Mrs. Courtney and thus changed her name, what are we going to call her in the furture. Mrs. Dalky isn't appropriate for her, and I'm sure we can't go on calling her Mrs. C."

Polly and Dodo laughed appreciatively, and Lois added: "Prize Package just fits Dalky. It's a wonder you hadn't called him that from the start."

"Had we known him so well then as now, we might have done so," said Polly. "But we were just a little afraid of all his money, when we first met him. You see, he has such oceans of

it, and the tide never ebbs in his financial affairs."

Lois sighed. "I wish we could say as much. I would be perfectly satisfied with one good tide of cash, providing it was a high tide."

The girls laughed. Then Dodo remarked, "Everyone would like to have a tidal wave of success come in for them; but how many would know how to bottle it and use it rightly. Dalky knows how."

"I wonder where he went with the boys this morning?" queried Polly.

"Corney said they were going with Captain Hall to inspect a new yacht offered for sale. If it proves to be what Dalky wants, we may be on our way for the 'Honeymoon Special' in a few days."

This thought seemed to stir the ambitions of the girls again, so that they began planning what they must have for the trip. Their recent fatigue was forgotten, and all hastily agreed that they must go shopping without delay. What if the yacht would be ready to sail in a few day's time, and they were not prepared? Such an idea was not to be entertained; and in a short time they found Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Alex-

ander—the latter always being eager for a shopping excursion,—and, learning that Mrs. Dalken was occupied writing letters, they started for the shopping district.

At dinner that night Mr. Tainter informed the friends that Corney and he would be leaving San Francisco early the next morning. This news made the young people hastily plan a farewell party; and later there was no gayer group to be found in the city than this one that was dancing and laughing itself to a shadow because two of the party were about to depart thence.

In the morning, the party now diminished by two members, sat at the late breakfast table and heard Mr. Dalken's report on the quest for a yacht.

"Captain Hall found exactly the thing for us, an ideal craft with every conceivable convenience and modern equipment. Jenks and Allen are wild over the idea of being on board such a gem of a boat, and I hadn't the heart to disappoint them by not taking it, so I closed the contract for it. We now possess a sea-going grey-hound that is guaranteed to take us safely to Hongkong, if we wished it. Seeing that we

are only planning to visit Hawaii I feel doubly safe in accepting the papers for the vessel."

Since the young folks had not been able to get any definite facts from Mr. Dalken the previous evening, regarding Captain Hall's transaction for the vessel, the news came as a surprise. One and all began to laugh and talk and question enough to drive him distracted, so Mr. Dalken cut it short by escaping from the room, leaving Mal, Bob and Red to explain.

The three college boys, Mal, Red and Bob had accompanied Mr. Dalken, when he went to inspect the yacht selected by Captain Hall and his two mates, and now they were able to tell the girls all they knew. Finally certain items became common property: That Hop Lee was charmed to be engaged as cookie for the most honorable party. That Jenks and Allen had signed up for a year with Captain Hall. That the owner of the vessel would not sell outright, but had leased the boat for a year, because that was the shortest period of time he would rent it. And he had agreed to change the name of it to *Atlanta II.* A minute description of the decks, the staterooms, and other items kept the boys busy for a half hour. Then came a hall boy to tell

the group that they were wanted in the lobby.

It proved to be Mr. Dalken waiting for them. He had just received a letter from Jack Baxter, in South America, in which he wrote that he was recovering rapidly, and was out of all danger of a relapse at the time of the writing. That he was planning to go on to the mines to join his friends, who had been gone more than two weeks. But Jack never mentioned the girl with whom he was supposed to be in love; and and the girls commented on this omission.

"I should say that that very omission would suggest that the boy is really in earnest this time, observed Mrs. Dalken.

"Either that, or he has quite recovered from the spell," said Mr. Dalken. "Jack is so effervescent, that he never can keep any news to himself. Such an important item as his being deeply in love—were it true,—he certainly would not withhold from me. This is why I think he is all over the attack."

Mrs. Dalken smiled knowingly and said, "We'll see!"

"Now that we know Jack is out of danger, we can start for Honolulu with happy hearts," said Mrs. Alexander.

"Oh, have you actually decided to go with us, Ma?" asked Dodo. "You know, you said you would never again go on board a ship as long as there was solid ground of the United States to stand on."

"Why, Dodo! How can you say such a thing." exclaimed her mother, pouting in a manner that she fondly believed to be kittenish. "Dear Mrs. Adair can tell you how I have been dreaming of this wonderful Hawaiian visit. To think that we shall be able to visit the very spots where my favorite motion pictures were made, is enough to intrigue me into trying a sea voyage again."

"Lois and I are *so* sorry we must return East, and will not be able to join the party, Mrs. Dalken," was Mrs. Adair's polite expression of regret. "But we shall be thinking of you each day, as we are whirled homeward from California, and wondering just what you are doing."

"Of course, you girls won't have such good times this trip, as we had in Alaska. Mal and Red and Bob, not forgetting Corney, were great aides to our enjoyment," said Lois.

"You'll have the first three go part of the way with you, on your homeward trip," sug-

gested Eleanor. "You ought to enjoy the time thoroughly, Lois, being able to have three at one time."

Lois giggled and sent coy glances at the boys mentioned, but Mal spoke for his chums. "We are going to work our way back East. Mr. Dalken found a way by which we could travel and earn money at the same time. So we will be deprived of any girl's company this time."

At this moment Captain Hall joined the group; and all thought of asking the three boys what work they would be doing, to work their way to school, was forgotten in the Captain's first words.

"Mr. Dalken, everything is ready so that we could really go on board to-morrow, if you all were so disposed. We need not sail at once, but we could cruise about for the day and show the ladies some of California's lovely coast resorts. Then get under way for an early start the following morning."

The very idea of being able to go on board the *Atlanta II.* the next day was acclaimed lustily by those included in Mr. Dalken's party; and so it was decided that Captain Hall was to have all in readiness for his party the next morning.

That evening the young students, Mal, Red and Bob, bid their friends goodby and left to go back to college. Mrs. Adair and Lois would be starting East the next day, after the Dalken party had gone on board the vessel. And that night when Polly and her friends retired to sleep, each one felt a sense of sadness, because the now absent ones had passed through so many narrow escapes and wild adventures during the Alaskan tour with them, that those very hazards had drawn them into a close bond of good fellowship.

The following morning the goodbys between the Dalken party and the Adairs were said, and the members of the "Honeymoon Specials," as Eleanor called them, were driven away from the hotel, to go aboard their new yacht.

The offer from Captain Hall to sail along the coast to see the famous seaside resorts, and to give the girls a glimpse of the social life there, was not carried out after all. It was so late before the yacht was ready to leave the wharf that the sun was setting as she sailed down the harbor of the Golden Gate. The happy tourists on deck sat and watched the rays of the sun as they glorified the buildings and shoreline of

San Francisco; and no one thought of having missed anything in not seeing the different places scattered along the coast of California.

The sun had gone down, when the gong warned the tourists that dinner would be served in half an hour; so a general movement followed and soon the Honeymooners were dressing for the evening meal.

Seated around the large round table in the dining salon the members, or the "Specials" as Eleanor now called them—discovered that Captain Hall had engaged two native Hawaiian boys to act as waiters. After taking orders from their patrons the two boys quietly disappeared, and the girls were free to express their opinions.

"How well-bred they seem to be," said Dodo.

"And don't they lend an oriental atmosphere to the trip already?" commented Eleanor.

"Color, you mean," corrected Polly. "As interior decorators we must always use the proper term. Color is our specialty, so color is what the two boys lend us."

Polly was merely playing on words, but Mrs. Alexander felt this was an opportunity for her to show up in the limelight.

"My dear girl! we must not hurt their feel-

ings by letting them see how inferior they are to us. Just because their color is so yellow and we are white, is all the more reason for us to show them how sorry we are for their misfortune. Of course, I do not mean that we should lower our dignity by forgetting that they are servants, but there will be ways in which we can overlook the difference in color."

Captain Hall had never had much patience with Mrs. Alexander's weaknesses, which she generally paraded without thought for others, and now he decided to put her in her place at once, in matters where he had full control—and that was with his crew.

"Mrs. Alex., you are entirely wrong on all counts concerning those boys. They are students at one of the California colleges, during the summer season, and earn their way during the winter by working in hotels and popular resorts. I was very fortunate to get them, and the salary was the way I did it. These intelligent students from Hawaii understand perfectly that the pigments of color in the skin of human beings are not worth considering. They know that the mind is the great thing, and these lads have fine minds! With all the money, or fol-

lowing in the world, no one is better than those who can prove to have a still greater blessing —that of mental gifts. It is not a question of patronizing these two boys, but it will be a matter of treating them as young men who have engaged to earn a certain salary in return for service performed. As to any idea of condescension, I think you will find yourself in wrong. So I am warning you now."

The long explanation was received by the other's in silence, but Mrs. Alex. felt that she had been publicly reprimanded and she glanced at the faces of those around her and then got up—fondly believing she was doing so with great dignity and self-esteem,—and excused herself from remaining at the table. She left the room without another backward look, and Captain Hall flushed.

"Perhaps I was wrong in speaking, Mr. Dalken, when you are the man who has leased the craft, and I am only your Captain."

"You have full possession of the boat and its crew. What you say or do on this voyage, we know is right, because we have placed ourselves under your care and look to you to keep peace and safety uppermost in all things," returned Mr. Dalken.

"Besides, we all know, Captain," added Dodo seriously, and not meaning to criticize her mother before these old friends, "what unnecessary risks mother runs, and causes us, too, by her ideas and foolish ways. Perhaps she will learn in time, after she has had several more hard jolts, such as she got in Alaska."

"I might have explained at another time, and not have deprived the lady of her dinner," murmured Captain Hall.

"Don't worry about that, Captain," smiled Dodo wisely. "Ma isn't going to be deprived of her dinner, or any other good thing, that can be had by tipping. Just forget all that and see if she doesn't get a well-laden tray in her room before we are through here."

An understanding smile was the answer to Dodo's words, because all present knew that Mrs. Alex. would bribe the maid to go find a delectable dinner in the culinary department. And that is exactly what she did do, but she had to sit and eat it alone, because the maid after bringing the tray, said she could not remain to wait upon her, having much to do in the other staterooms.

During the serving of the dessert, Captain

Hall spoke to one of the Hawaiian students. "John, did I understand you to say that you and your brother can play Hawaiian music?"

"Yes, Captain," returned John, with a courtesy.

"Perhaps Mr. Dalken and his friends would enjoy hearing you play and sing, later this evening, when you have done your work."

"Oh yes, yes!" chorused the girls, and the ladies smiled their approval of the idea.

"Vera much pleased to do so," agreed the young man called John, then nodded at his companion, who was known to the Captain by the name of Rosen, his own name being unpronounceable by an English tongue.

After dinner the "Honeymoon Specials" sallied out on deck to watch the rising of Luna. They had heard that the moon was exceptionally radiant when shining down upon the Pacific waters, but why this should be so no one had explained.

The night was fine and the air delightful, even though it was necessary to wrap warm coverings snugly about the body to keep out the keen breezes. Thus an hour passed quickly, before the Captain was seen approaching the Dalken

group, the two Hawaiians following close behind.

John played the ukulele and Rosen sang the native Hawaiian songs, then danced the interesting serpentine dances now so familiar to us all. Swiftly the time sped, and another hour had passed; then John offered to tell his audience one of Hawaii's fairytales—the folk tale that Robert Louis Stevenson thought so charming. This was unexpected and greatly appreciated by the voyageurs, so John began.

"In Hawaii we call the fairies 'Menehunes'," explained John, "and we believe they lived many, many years before any white men grew up to the present stature.

"The Menehune folk were tiny miniature beings of what we are, but they were wiser and far more efficient in all ways. There was one peculiarity, however, which made them differ from human beings of to-day: they always worked at night and rested by day. When an important work had to be done, large numbers of the Menehunes would work in groups, in order to finish whatever had to be done in one night. Nevertheless, should the duty not be completed in one night, the same workers never

returned to it, but sent a new group to do it.

"Now, in a long past time Hawaii acknowledged a Chief named Wahieloa, and the Chief had a child called Laka. It was the Chief's custom to always bring his son a gift, when returning home from a journey, or other absence from home. And the little Laka would watch eagerly for his father and expect the present that was sure to be forthcoming.

"But one day the Chief was called upon to visit a distant Island of the group, and he prepared to be absent several days. He explained to his wife about it, and then asked Laka what toy or gift he would like to have brought from this distant isle.

"Little Laka thought and thought, but he had so many gifts already that he could not remember anything new he wanted, so he replied that his father should bring any strange and new object he could find. Then the Chief said goodby and started away.

"His diplomatic duty was finished in a few days and then the Chief bethought him of the gift he wished to procure for his boy. He sought here and there, but could find nothing new or interesting. Then he told his problem to a com-

panion, and this man told him of a very rare and strange stone of fire to be found in a cave, which would be on his way back home. In fact, it was about half-way of the distance, and but a short journey from the main trail. This rare pebble had the virtue in the darkness of lighting everything within a radius of many yards around it, so that one would think it was day in that place. But the stone was to be sought for by one being only—not a party.

"The Chief was elated by hearing this information, and rewarded the man liberally for the secret. Then the man bade the Chief goodby and went his way. The Chief went his, on the return journey, and soon he and his men arrived at the point where the path going to the Mountain of the Stone diverged from the main trail. The companions of the Chief begged him to forego the quest of this Light Pebble, but the Chief was determined to secure so unusual a gift for his child, and he went alone up the trail that led to the Mountain of the Stone.

"After a long absence his companions began to fear some evil had befallen their Chief, and one after another suggested ways to seek him; yet all were adverse to being disobedient to the

command the Chief had given them. When the night had passed, however, and Wahieloa had not come back, they went in a body to see what had happened to detain him. Then they saw that he had been killed in a strange manner.

"They left his body exactly as they had found it, and hastened back to the Chief City to report. Then the principal members of the Tribe went to bring back their Chief, but the body had vanished and no trace of it could be found.

"After a long time had passed, little Laka asked his mother if she knew where his father had been taken. And the mother told him to ask grandmother, who was one of the Wise Ones.

"Then Grandmother answered the child. 'If you seek on the Mount of Stone and find a tree which has crescent shaped leaves, then you will have found the tree that must be used for the canoe you will build. Wait for the night of Hilo and then cut down this tree and use it for the canoe you must build.'

"Laka listened intently and prepared to obey his grandmother's instructions. He journeyed forth to the Stone Mountain and sought alone, until he had found the tree. He waited there for the night of Hilo, and then he cut down the tree.

This arduous task done, he thought he would rest for a time and haul the heavy trunk away the next night. He therefore, went to sleep, but when he awoke lo! there stood the tree as firm and straight as ever, with no mark of knife or axe in its bark.

"That night he cut down the same tree, and as the first time, he was weary and went to sleep again. And as before, he awoke to find the tree back on its stump, and without mark or scar of axe or blade.

" 'Now I believe these trees have fairies to heal them, and put them back where they grew,' said Lake to himself. So he determined to return home and speak to the Wise One about it.

"This he did, and his grandmother advised him to dig a deep trench into which the tree would fall when it was cut down for the third time. But, after it had fallen there, he, Laka, must not go to sleep again, even though his eyelids felt as though they would close of their own accord. Because it was fairy mist which was wafted into his eyes to make him drowsy. But he must get down in the trench and sit astride the tree trunk to wait and watch for the Mene-

hunes, who would be sure to come again to help the tree.

"Then Laka did as the Wise One had advised him, and the tree fell headlong into the trench, and he climbed up and sat astride the trunk and watched.

"As soon as the moon came up Laka heard a sound as of the whirring of birds' wings at a distance. Then the sound drew nearer, and finally he could hear a thousand, thousand little voices chanting; and soon he could distinguish a horde of tiny people coming upon the night breezes to gather around the fallen tree. More and still more kept coming upon every breeze, until the Mountain was covered with them.

"Then one who appeared to be the leader of them all called out a command, and instantly the thousand thousand Menehunes began to dart here and there and everywhere. They swarmed over the tree, and under its trunk, in the trenches, and one and all began to work as a unit. Laka actually felt the great tree trunk move, and then he stood upon its trunk and shouted at the little folk to wait.

"Imagine the consternation of the Menehunes,

when they saw this towering human being standing upon the tree. Even their Ruler was dumb with amazement. But they were not afraid,—oh, no! They knew nothing could harm them, for they were Menehunes.

"Laka tried to make them understand why he was there and what he needed done, and then the Menehunes gladly agreed to help him, provided he would return home and tell the Wise One that she was to prepare a long shed to house the canoe they would build out of the enchanted tree; likewise she was to prepare a feast for the Menehunes to enjoy when they had completed the making of the canoe.

"So Laka hurried home and told his grandmother about the Menehunes, and she nodded smilingly, and said he had done well to do as they had asked of him. So she had a long shed built, and then Laka was sent back to Stone Mountain to invite the Menehunes to come and build the canoe,—that the feast would be ready and waiting for them as soon as the canoe was finished.

"At dead of night as Laka sat waiting for the coming of the Menehunes, he heard the same whirring and the same buzzing, and soon he spied

the swarm of Menehunes come riding on the night winds.

"He told them all the Wise One had said he should say, and then the Menehunes caught him up and carried him with them to the place where the shed was erected. They satisfied themselves that the feast was spread, and then the Ruler sent back his scouts to bring all the other Menehunes and the tree.

"Soon the great hordes of Menehunes could be seen bringing the tree trunk on the night breezes, and then it was deposited inside the shed. A thousand, thousand, thousand Menehunes went to work to hollow a canoe out of the trunk of the tree, and so quickly did they work that it was finished before Laka could summon his grandmother to serve the feast.

"Then the Menehunes sat down to eat, and such an appetite did they display that soon not a shred of the shrimp, nor a wisp of taro leaves could be seen. But the dawn was seen to be breaking and the Menehunes must not be caught by the sun, or they would wither away. So their ruler summoned one and all, and away they rode on the breezes which blow strongest just before daylight. But they left the enchanted canoe in

its shed, for Laka to use to go find his father and bring him back to his people; and to destroy the Mount of Stone which had housed a wicked sprite for ages."

John ended the tale, which was one of the best-loved and oldest fairy stories of Hawaii, and the members of his audience applauded loudly.

"Let's have another, please," begged Eleanor.

"I would suggest that we defer the pleasure until to-morrow evening," said the Captain. "This has been a full day for every member of the crew, and I am sure they all will feel grateful to roll into their bunks for the night."

"Besides, girls, it is almost eleven o'clock," added Mrs. Dalken, glancing at her wrist watch.

"Then let us make a date for to-morrow night, boys," said the Captain, "—if you have nothing better to do than to entertain us."

John and Rosen smiled broadly, being pleased that their attempts at music and story telling had met with such approval. Then they bowed politely and wished the tourists "A very healthy sleep."

When they were out of earshot Polly remarked: "What wonderful teeth they have. So even and glistening white."

"Some say that their teeth look whiter and better because of the copper-colored skin," ventured Dodo.

"That has something to do with the color—the contrast,—I suppose, but not with the evenness and strength of the teeth," said Captain Hall. "You will learn that their bones and nerves and muscles are just as firm and healthy as their teeth. Because they eat so much fruit and raw herbage. Naturally they eat lots of fish and shell-fish, too, which is good for them. But the fruit and raw vegetables is what helps the most. You'll never find an oriental native having indigestion, or intestinal trouble. They know what to eat."

The next day the girls spent the morning in the swimming pool, and in taking sunbaths on deck. They showed enormous appetite for luncheon, and caused Mr. Dalken to wonder if the larder would hold out for the trip to Honolulu. In the afternoon all the "Specials" took part in deck golf and other sports. And at night, after work was over, the two Hawaiian youths came again and entertained them with new folk tales and intriguing dances.

During the entire voyage from San Francisco

to Hawaii the weather was perfect. Seagulls accompanied the fleeing vessel, and dolphins could be seen playing in the waters now and then. As the *Atlanta II* cleft her way westward the climate became more balmy, and the sunsets more brilliant. The nights, too, were soft and most delightful. Wraps were now discarded, for the tropics were evident in the temperature.

Finally, after six pleasant days at sea, the first glimpse of the first island of the group could be seen by the tourists. This was the island of Molokai, where lepers find a permanent home.

Later John and Rosen pointed out the Island of Oahu, where the mountain, Koko-head, rises precipitously from the sea to such a height that its peak is hidden in the high sailing clouds.

When the yacht rounded Diamond Head, the girls saw a long line of coral reefs that stretched away to a faint perspective point in the distance. Beyond these reefs were seen wide strands of white gleaming sand, and back of these again the waving palms and forests of the tropics.

John and Rosen now drew the attention of all to the far distant glimpse of a picture of towers and cupolas, embowered in the luxuriant foliage

of palm trees. This was Honolulu, their first stopping place in the East.

"So here we are!" remarked Eleanor. "The first lap of our Honeymoon is ended, and we now start on the second. I wonder how many laps we are allowed to take this time?" Her last words were directed to Mr. Dalken, who stood gazing through Captain Hall's sea-glasses.

"Dalky said he had to lease the yacht for a year—it would be a sinful waste to pay the rent for it and not use it all that time," ventured Polly daringly.

"If the sharks leave us intact when we have done the Hawaiian Islands, and if Fuzzy cables us that he can manage those reckless boys in South America, we might try another lap—say to the Philippines, you know," hinted Mrs. Dalken.

"There you are, girls!" declared Mr. Dalken. "The Missus is boss now. I have to love, honor and *obey*, you see. So you had best make up to her, if you want to try a second lap of the Pacific."

The loud acclaim and protests of good behavior, and obedience, and what not, made Mrs. Dalken laugh merrily. Then Captain Hall came

to ask if they would stop at the hotel in Honolulu, during the visit to the Island, or prefer to live on the yacht.

"We might come back to-night to sleep, Captain, and then see if we would rather try the hotel for the second night. At any rate, we will not need the crew to remain on duty all the time. We will not take any meals on board, unless the girls give a party; and our sleeping quarters will not give much work, so let the crew go ashore as much as you deem is good for them," said Mr. Dalken.

Captain Hall thanked him in the name of the crew and went to tell the welcome news to his men. Then the "Specials" went to their staterooms to dress for going ashore for the day.

CHAPTER III

THE THREE OUTLAWS

THE "Honeymoon Specials" had not been so long on the water that they were tired of the vessel, but once they sighted the famous Waikiki Beach, where the gorgeous new hotel, *The Royal Hawaiian,* was situated, the girls felt that time would be wasted, if they had to return to the yacht each night merely to sleep. For once, Mrs. Alexander agreed with them, but not for the same motive. She was so thrilled at beholding the magnificent resort, that she immediately began to hope that she might show off a few of her costly new gowns, which she had purchased in San Francisco and had managed to smuggle aboard the yacht without Dodo's knowledge. Had the fact been known it is likely the extra baggage would have been left in California, since one of the commands given by Mr. Dalken was to "travel light." Notwithstanding the order, Mrs.

Alexander, as usual, thought more of her craze for clothes than her host's wishes.

Mr. Dalken was debating with his new wife whether they would enjoy the hotel or the yacht best that night, when a surprised call from Polly drew the attention of the others to her side of the vessel. She directed their attention to an interesting scene. The natives, seeing the beautiful craft sailing in close to shore in order to find good anchorage, quickly improvised an entertainment. They were now seen standing upon their surfboards made of koa wood, each rider working his way, with his ten foot plank, out through the shallower waters, to the high rollers which plunge over the coral reefs in the outer rim of surf, and there start to ride in to shore.

"I'd give anything to be able to ride a board like they do!" exclaimed Eleanor eagerly.

"I don't say I'd give anything, but I'm going to give *something* to get one of those natives to show me how to do it," declared Polly emphatically.

"Oh! you'll drown and be eaten by the sharks," was Mrs. Alexander's cry. "The illustrated book that the Captain has in the rack in his room states that these waters are infested by man-eaters."

"That will make the sport of surf riding all the more thrilling," laughed Dodo; but no one thought to mention the fact to Mrs. Alexander, that man-eating sharks were not often found near the Hawaiian Islands now; and when a stray shark, or what looked like one, did happen to be sighted by the natives of Hawaii, the creature seldom lived long enough thereafter to try to find a meal. It was considered one of the greatest sports to go shark hunting, and the only difficulty encountered was the scarcity of sharks.

Mr. Dalken now interrupted the interest manifested by the girls in the entertainment given by the surf-riders. "It has been decided to abide by our first plans—to return to the yacht for this night. We will take a motor drive about the Island to-day and have a general look around. To-morrow, if we conclude to move over to the hotel during the rest of our stay here, we will pack up and send our luggage there before we leave the boat."

"If you are planning to go ashore at once, Mr. Dalken, we will be ready to land you in twenty minutes," said Captain Hall, who had come up while Mr. Dalken was speaking.

"All right. How about any wraps, or par-

asols, girls?" was Mr. Dalken's suggestion now. And everyone scampered away for such articles of apparel that they wished to wear, or carry, ashore.

Mr. Dalken had remained on deck with the Captain while the "Specials" had gone to their staterooms for wraps; when they returned again he had many items of information gleaned from Captain Hall, who said he had received it from John, the Hawaiian boy.

"We can drive to points of interest in and about Honolulu to-day, and the Captain thinks we will have time to visit the sugar plantations as well. They are worth seeing, John says. There are more than 100,000 men, women and children employed in the work, and something like 400,000,000 pounds of sugar exported yearly from here."

"Why not ask John to act as guide for us on our first visit to the Islands," suggested Mrs. Dalken.

"I was thinking about that, but I wondered how you ladies would like it. We will be rather crowded as it is," said her husband.

"Why, you were not thinking of us all driving in one car, were you?" laughed she.

"I'd prefer two, because that would mean ease," returned Mr. Dalken, "but I thought there would be a rush for the first car, such as women start at a bargain sale in the shops."

"I think the volcanoes are much more thrilling for us to visit," suggested Eleanor. "We have seen great sugar plantations in the West Indies and South America, and sugar cane is sugar cane, whether it grows in Hawaii, or in Georgia."

"And I wanted to visit the ostrich farms, Dalky," added Dodo.

"Did you girls think we were only here for the day?" was Mr. Dalken's amused query. "You have ample time to see everything—even the least important sight for tourists, so don't worry."

Mr. Dalken's plans for that day were sadly warped however, by Jenks, though it all happened in quite an unexpected manner. This is the way it came about:

Two commodious automobiles had been engaged by Mr. Dalken, when his party came from the yacht. Captain Hall and Jenks had been invited by Mrs. Dalken to join their outing. Poor Mate Allen had to remain on duty on the vessel that day, so he stood watching enviously, while

his friend Jenks escorted the three girls along the pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalken, Mrs. Alexander and Captain Hall got into the first car which took the lead. Jenks and the three girls got in the second car which followed the first. Both cars were driven by chauffeurs, who had claimed to know all the places of interest to see. And the first one mentioned was to be the Palace and its lovely grounds.

The two cars sped swiftly along the fine Avenue which led to the Palace; and Jenks tried to qualify as escort for three such spirited girls, but he was hard put to it, to make good on the duty. The second automobile was just turning into the Palace grounds, and the first car was out of sight up the broad palm-lined drive, when some one standing a few steps back from the drive shouted out:

"Well! I'll be doggoned if there isn't Jenksy! Hey, I say! Jenks! Jenks! stop and say hullo to a chap!"

Naturally the four heads of the four in the automobile turned instantly to see who had recognized the Mate. And Polly had presence of mind to ask the chauffeur to use the brakes and reverse. Consequently the car, in a few moments, backed

up to the place whence came the shout for Jenks.

No sooner had the motor come opposite the spot, than three goodlooking young chaps rushed up to the side of the car and all began as one to claim attention from Jenks. The girls sat and smiled in sympathy, as they listened.

"Jenksy! where in thunder did you drop from?" asked one.

"Same old top! Gee, but your a sight for my old eyes, Pal," said another.

"Discovered in Hawaii! with a real auto and more than your usual number of fair ladies," exclaimed the third, enviously noting the girls accompanying Jenks.

The Mate frowned heavily at this reference to his company, and then all three young men sprang upon the running board and insisted upon being introduced.

"Don't act like hoodlums," declared Jenks impatiently. One would think we were brought up in an alley, instead of having been at college together. But how are these young ladies, whom I have to escort to the chaperon of the party, to know that you are really decent friends of mine."

"Hoh, listen to Jenksy give us the high hat!" laughed one.

"Better put an end to your worries, Jenks, by introducing your friends," advised Eleanor, who had approved very decidedly of these interesting friends of the Mate.

"What will Mrs. Dalken say?" countered Jenks.

"What can she say when the die is cast?" laughed Dodo.

"Atta boy, Jenksy! Come now, take your medicine," urged one of the merry trio hanging to the side of the car.

"I feel like telling the driver to start his engine and drop you boys off," mumbled Jenks, but his expression belied his words.

"Since Jenks is too backward to introduce us, ladies, allow me to have that honor: First and foremost then, I am Lonz Montague. In youth, when Jenksy knew me, I passed as Alfred Muggins, but such a name would kill a screen career, so I merely retained the first letters of my name, and used Alonzo as a handle.

"Here are Little Comedy Clem Mathers, and the Spanish villian, José Fernandez. In the bosom of their family circles back in Omaha, Nebraska, where we all hail from, they are known as Lemuel Matthews and John Farrell. Now for your introductions, ladies!"

The girls laughingly acknowledged these informal introductions, but before either of them could speak Jenks took a hand.

"Don't judge my friends and myself by these strange ways. I assure you, ladies, that I never dreamed they had deteriorated so since I last saw them. This proves what the Movies will do to nicely brought up boys. Why, they used to be quite gentle, and were warranted not to bite or kick. Also they used to be credited with manners, but that may have been an error in judgment on the part of those who judged."

"That will do from you, Jenksy! Do you want us to tell these associates of yours all about your wicked career at college?" threatened the dark young man, José Fernandez, alias John Farrell.

The girls laughed merrily, and Jenks shook his head in pretended despair. "Then on our own heads be the crime. I've tried to spare the Dalkens another heartache, but you modern young folks will not be saved." So saying the Mate introduced the three girls in proper manner to his one-time college chums.

"We would not delay you in reaching your destination," finally said Lonz, as he had come

to be called from the first. "But we could stand on the running board and see you safely to the Palace, if little Jenksy will allow us."

"You know as well as I do that the Police will pluck you off such a perch in no time. Better get inside and we will crowd to make room for you," was Jenk's begrudging invitation.

"You get in front with the driver, Jenksy," suggested José.

"Get in there yourself! Who do you think you are talking to anyway?" laughed the Mate.

The result of it all was that two of the young men were perfectly satisfied to sit tailor-fashion upon the floor of the car, while the three girls sat in the seat; Lonz and Jenks occupying the folding seats at the side.

"Now confess and tell us what you are doing in that nifty officers' uniform, Jenksy?" demanded José, as the car started on again.

"And why haven't you written us a line in a year?" added Clem.

"Because I've been ship-wrecked in Alaska, and rescued again, and so many other stunts, which your Movie Director would give his hat to have reproduced on the screen, that you mere actors never came to my mind, until you hailed me,"

explained Jenks. "But tell me, what are you three doing in Hawaii?"

The story was soon told, of how they came to do a South Sea Film on the beaches and in the volcanic regions of the Islands. Then they went back to the Mate's adventures in Alaska, and had to hear about them. So Jenks related some of the hair-raising escapes they all had been through, to the amazement of the actors.

"Truth *is* stranger than fiction," said Alonzo.

The car stopped now, before the imposing entrance to the Palace, and the other members of the Dalken party were seen to be there waiting impatiently for the occupants in the second automobile to step out and explain this unusual delay. Imagine their surprise to find that three strange young men had annexed themselves to the group of girls!

The moment Jenks explained how his friends had recognized him in the car, and he had brought them along to save time, the three young men suddenly seemed very shy and humble. They behaved themselves very differently in the presence of the Captain and the Dalkens; so much so that Polly smiled at their clever acting.

"Well," said Mrs. Dalken, as she appraised

the newcomers to the "Honeymoon Specials," "there is no doubt about it but that my three charges will be delighted to have a few spare young men to wait upon them. They missed the coterie that remained at beck and call all through our Alaskan tour. You boys will fit into the pattern very neatly for our Hawaiian visit."

By this she thought she would warn these admiring strangers that the girls had no other interest in them than that of being made use of for the time being. But she had failed to impress them.

"Oh! being movie heroes, we are accustomed to being made to fit in plots," laughed Lonz.

"Movie heroes! what do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Dalken.

"Why, I haven't had time to tell you yet: these friends drifted into the Movies after they returned from France, and now they are too indolent, and mesmerized by the life at Hollywood, to seek other work," explained Jenks.

"Are you really actors in Hollywood?" asked Mr. Dalken.

"We were. At present we are really actors on a reel we are making in Hawaii," explained Clem.

"Well, well!" was all Mr. Dalken could think to say then.

"Seeing they are experienced in all arts of romance, Mrs. Dalken, I do not think we have to warn them against the germ of love, which becomes so prevalent wherever these young ladies are," was the Captain's smiling remark.

"And we won't be in one place long enough to find time to play romances," added Mr. Dalken.

"Just now though, we ought to attend to the plans we wish finished for this day," hinted his wife. "We were about to visit the Palace, when you drove up."

"We were on our way to do the same, when Jenksy overtook us and insisted upon our driving here with him," said Alonzo boldly.

"Then let us go," said the chaperon of the party, turning away without seeing Jenk's frown at his erstwhile friends.

But these friends paid little heed to the Mate's frowns and fancies. They were enjoying themselves immensely with these very attractive young girls, and they were not going to miss such an opportunity as this of furthering their cause of friendship.

By the time the Palace was seen, and the party were ready to start for another point of interest, the screen artists had invited all the

"Specials" to be present the following Monday morning at Kilauea, the great active volcano, where an important scene was to be filmed. Of course the girls promised to be there, as they were eager to watch such a scene.

Mr. Dalken thought that this invitation from the screen actors merited a return invitation from his party, and from himself as a host. So he hastily conferred with his wife; and she, seeing that these boys would have to be engaged in their work most of the time, and that that time would be very short for the girls in Hawaii, said she thought it was a very nice idea.

"I've been wondering," then said Mr. Dalken, "if you friends of Jenks' would like to visit us this evening on board the yacht. We plan to remain there for this night, and perhaps we can find means of entertaining you better than we could on shore."

The Mate was pleased at this courtesy shown by Mr. Dalken to his personal friends, and the three young men eagerly accepted the invitation. Before parting company, therefore, the two groups said they would meet again on the *Atlanta II,* about eight that evening. Then the three actors hurried away, being late already

for the engagement they had for the afternoon.

The balance of the day was well spent by the "Honeymoon Specials" in driving to many important points of interest in Honolulu, and then stopping for dinner at one of the native restaurants; it was twilight before the two automobiles returned to the vessel. The tourists hurried to their staterooms and dressed for the evening, then came out upon deck ready to welcome the visitors.

Promptly at eight the three young actors were seen approaching the yacht, and so intent were the girls at that side of the craft, where the young men would have to climb up the side to get on board, that they were unaware of a swimmer, under cover of the evening mist, coming up swiftly upon the other side of the boat.

"You are very punctual," was Jenks' welcome to his friends. "I wish the truant members of our crew were half so interested in arriving."

"We saw one of your sailors back in one of the cafés, but he was not able to tell who he was, or when he ought to report for duty," said Clem, shaking his head as he remembered the sight.

"The way we knew he was one of the crew was by the name *Atlanta II* on his cap, but the cap

was right side backward, and we saw him from the back," added José.

Captain Hall came up in time to hear these remarks, so he asked Allen to call the roll and see who was missing from duty. If there were any absent, he would inquire into the matter in the morning.

"I don't think we ought to be too strict in this case," was Mr. Dalken's lenient words for the offender.

"The case is this," replied Captain Hall. "I've heard a lot in San Francisco about holdups and drunks in Honolulu, and I warned our men before they left the boat that everyone was to report for the night at eight sharp. I said we had to maintain discipline in such a harbor, where blame might attach to an innocent individual, if he could not prove an alibi. And everyone promised to report promptly. It seems one of them has not done so. Allen will find out for me."

Mr. Dalken understood that the entire matter was in the Captain's hands, and he said no more. Just as Allen was seen returning from his quest, the unseen swimmer had managed to draw himself up on the side of the yacht which was in darkness. In a moment more he had crept along

on his belly across the deck and had squirmed an entrance into one of the corridors that led to the staterooms.

"I'm glad our radio is working again," now said Polly to the callers. "We could not use it during the six days' voyage from San Francisco; but Captain Hall got some one on shore to come on board the moment we touched Honolulu, and now it is working fine. We can get any Hawaiian music we need to-night for our party."

"Do you boys like to dance?" asked Eleanor eagerly. One could see that she hoped they did, because she did.

"Does a dog like a bone?" laughed Alonzo.

"Very well then," returned Dodo. "Let's have some bones at once."

Mr. Dalken tuned in on the orchestra playing at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and in another moment the wonderful music came as clear and strong as if the musicians were stationed on the deck of the yacht. The engaging music and the attention of all those on board, even the crew being drawn to listen to the blending harmonies from strange instruments, provided an excellent time for the uninvited swimmer to entertain himself as he saw fit.

He hastily sought through the effects of the individual having the first stateroom he had entered. It happened to be Mrs. Alexander's room. Here he found a harvest of trinkets such as he had not expected to find around so carelessly. They were hastily thrust down inside huge pockets which lined his loose trouser legs. When he found nothing more in that room to pick up he sneaked to the next stateroom. This happened to be Polly's; and Eleanor's was just adjoining it. He soon rifled every box and drawer in the two rooms and then sought for the next harvest. It was Dodo's room, but he showed his disgust at not finding any jewels or money here; and then he crept to the door to see if the way was clear to cross the corridor and get into the suite occupied by the Dalkens. He got in there all right, and was congratulating himself upon finding such "rich pickings" to be had on this millionaire's yacht, when an unexpected sound made him wary. This is what he heard, to interfere with his plans for the getaway with his loot.

During the time he had spent in the different staterooms, the dancers were having a glorious time on deck. Mrs. Alexander considered herself as eligible a partner as any of the girls for

these young men; and Mrs. Dalken took turns in dancing with the Captain and her husband. The fifth unengaged young man, whoever he happened to be, was expected to cut in at any opportunity and capture a lady for his partner. This created a hilarious time and proved to be more fun than it would have been had there been another lady present.

This frolic had been going on for five or more minutes when a sudden shrill blast from a launch close at hand startled all. The music continued, but the dancers ran to the side of the yacht to learn the cause of the signal. And this whistle it was that held the sneak thief up before he had pocketed much of the Dalken's property.

To the astonishment of those on the deck of the *Atlanta II,* the officers on the police boat, for such it was, were seen clambering aboard without loss of time. The moment the officer in charge of the policemen saw the Captain he went up to address him.

"We are hunting for three criminals. It is said that they were tracked as far as the warf, and some one saw three suspicious young men jump into a motor boat and come out here. Who is there on board to-night who is not a member of your list?"

Jenks gasped for breath, and the members of the Dalken party could not help showing their consternation, as they gazed at the three visiting screen actors. But the expressions on the faces of these three: could it be guilt, or horror, or mere nervousness?

Suddenly a searchlight from the shore shone full upon the deck of the pretty white *Atlanta,* and etched every detail of it, its decks, sides and even the rippling waves upon which it rocked, as clearly as in a dazzling sunlight. The thief in the darkened rooms of the Dalkens' suite saw this circumstance and knew he dared not attempt to escape until that beam of light moved away.

"Oh, I know what all this means!" cried Mrs. Alexander, clapping her carefully manicured hands childishly. "It is a movie stunt planned by these darling boys here. That is a Klieg light that is making it possible for the camera to get the picture. Everyone look as you wish to appear in the film."

For a moment the others in the party thought she had solved the problem, but the policemen soon disabused their minds.

"Movie stunt! What do you think we are—actors?" then the head officer showed his badge

of authority and soon corrected the mistaken idea.

"Are there any visitors on board to-night?" asked he.

The answer must be given. The Captain saw that and spoke, though he felt sorry for Jenks, as well as wondering at the three young strangers who dared come aboard as they did.

"We have three guests with us this evening, but they are known to be old friends of one of my Mates, and we can soon identify them as members of a prominent company now doing business in Honolulu," explained Captain Hall.

Jenks and his three friends sent the Captain their glances of gratitude for this answer; but the officers felt they must do their duty; no matter who the three strangers might be.

"Are these the only ones to come on board after sundown?" asked the head officer.

"Yes, as far as anyone knows. We were late ourselves, but I left some of the crew on board to keep a lookout," said the Captain.

"Well, these three criminals," and the officer looked at the three quaking actors with condemnation in his eyes, "escaped from one of our finest residences with more than $50,000 worth of

jewelry. They eluded the police and made a getaway for the harbor. Down at the pier they were seen to run along in the shadows, and then one of the guards at the dock saw them jump into a waiting launch. The next thing the launch was heard chugging out to this yacht, and here we trailed them."

It looked bad for the three young actors, and just as the officers began preparations to handcuff such desperadoes as the three holdup men were said to be, a piercing yell sounded from one of the staterooms. The shrill yells continued, and all but the officers and the three arrested actors, made for the direction from which the cries issued.

The Captain ran first, then the Mates; Mr. Dalken followed at their heels, and Polly close upon their heels. Then came Eleanor and Dodo, side by side, and Dodo trying to get ahead of her two friends. Mrs. Dalken hurried breathlessly after the girls, and Mrs. Alexander brought up the rear, as she usually did in times of danger.

The sight that greeted the eyes of those who managed to squeeze inside the small vestibule of the Dalkens' suite of rooms was so funny, and yet so amazing, that laughter blended with

exclamations. The vocal tones that were continuously being emitted by Hop Lee, the assailant, and the smothered curses of the thief, the assailed, failed to harmonize as any duet should to produce soothing sounds.

Hop Lee was dancing up and down, first on one sandaled foot, then on the other, his face wrinkled up so that his almond shaped eyes were shut tight; and his ears worked spasmodically with every yell he expressed. He held on so closely to the red hair of his victim's head that the pain thus created made the sneak add to the bedlam by his cries of torture.

The moment Hop Lee saw the Captain, and the others running to his assistance, he took courage—not with his both hands, as they were already holding fast to all they could manage,—but in his heart. Then began the comedy of the scene, the Chinese cook decided he was justified in punishing his prisoner. He shook his head and dragged him here and there; it was a wonder the grip on the hair did not pull the strands out by the roots.

"All right! All right, Hop!" shouted the Captain, to make the cook quiet down. Jenks and Allen tried to calm the excited yankings Hop

Lee gave the victim, but the Chinaman would not let go.

"Me catchee velly bad man takee Missie Dalkie's jools. Hop Lee fetchee Missie Dalkie's maltie milky for night, and catchie him velly bad tief!"

The rascal saw that the game was up, and in order to ease his sufferings from the contact with Hop Lee's hands, he begged the Captain to take him in charge.

By this time the officers pushed a way into the stateroom and were ready with handcuffs to snap them upon wrists where they belonged. At the time of doing this, a siren sounded from the motor boat used by the police, when they came across the water to board the yacht.

"That's our boat!" exclaimed one of the officers.

"I bet those three outlaws overpowered our men and are getting away with our launch!" cried another.

Without as much as "by your leave" they raced away and were back on deck again in short order. But the thief in the stateroom was captured sure enough, and so he followed Captain Hall and the two mates not without spite however.

As he left the room he turned to send a venomous look at Hop Lee. He hissed through his teeth: "You yellow snake! Just wait—your time will come, and then I'll drag that pig-tail clean out of your scalp."

Hop Lee comprehended and laughed gleefully, as he shouted back: "Me velly glad you goee to jail. Hop Lee no mind allee you say—pigtail allee light mebbe s'long as my head las me."

The sounds on deck now drew everyone there to learn what had happened during the short absence to the stateroom.

By the powerful searchlight still sending its beams across the water and touching up the yacht and everything within its radius the "Honeymoon Specials" now saw a race being run. The three actors and their three guards were in the launch with the men that had manned the police motor boat. Just in advance of the flying craft was another motor launch, and in this were seen distinctly two men. Signals and shouts for the two flying criminals to end the chase were unheeded.

Then Captain Hall said: "Why don't they shoot at the engine?"

As though his thoughts had been acted upon, the sounds of revolvers reached those on board

the *Atlanta II.* A few moments later they saw the first launch slow down and turn sideways in the water. And in the next few moments the chaser caught up with it and the audience on the yacht could imagine what was said and done. One of the officers got on board the boat where the two men had been seated—now but one could be seen,—and then the chasing launch turned and chugged back to the yacht, the other boat being hauled by its chain.

"What does it all mean?" was the question in every mind.

The captured thief, seeing his pals were caught, and hoping to obtain mercy by a confession, though it was rather tardy, told a story of how three of them got away in a launch, about the same time the young visitors started from the pier to visit the yacht. The only difference being that the outlaws made their getaway in the shadows, and the actors left the dock in the glare of the lights.

"We had not gone far before my pals and I had a row and, being two to one, they kicked me overboard to swim ashore. I saw the lights on the yacht, and heard the sounds of merriment. I concluded no one would see me if I got on board on

the dark side of the vessel, but I honestly had no idea of stealing. Not till I saw how easy the job would be. Then I decided to help myself and escape again without anyone ever knowing I had been on board. It was that infernal searchlight that kept me from getting away before I was discovered by that pesky Chink."

The prisoner told who the two pals were, and where they hailed from. So that the officers knew they could release the three movie actors without danger to the public.

It turned out that it was through the three screen artists that the real culprits were discovered. The three frightened young men saw this racing craft across the radiant pathway of light reflected by the searchlight from the hotel, and it was Lonz's idea that it might be the outlaws.

Before the guards, who were left to watch the three actors, could interfere, the youths had broken loose and were over the side of the vessel, and in the launch where its captain and engineer were waiting for their officers. In another moment the officers came down after their prisoners, and almost before they had landed in the boat, the race started after the escaping launch. But it was Clem who was driving the engine, and it was José

who was the pilot for the time being. Not until the policemen saw that their real quarry was straight ahead in the other boat, did they feel that they ought to keep their revolvers for a fight ahead, and not to cover their assistants in the boat.

"A fine case for false imprisonment!" commented Alonzo, as the sheepish officers asked pardon of the three actors.

"And a demotion in rank for your coming to spoil a perfectly jolly party," added José.

"Besides, we ought to get the reward for capturing the three brigands," chuckled Clem.

"You boys ought to be glad you saved our property, and spared Hop Lee from the thief in Dalky's room," said Polly.

"I should say it was the other way—saving the thief's scalp from Hop Lee's frenzy," laughed Mr. Dalken, as he thought of the recent scene.

"Well, all's well that ends well," sighed Mrs. Alexander, having had all her jewelry handed back into her own keeping.

CHAPTER IV

COULD POLLY BE JEALOUS?

The publicity caused by the capture of the notorious outlaws, and the error in judgment made by the police in arresting the three actors, made it very uncomfortable for the Honeymoon party. The moment the public learned that the multi-millionaire, Mr. Dalken, and his bride, to say nothing of the three young ladies with a fortune accredited to each one were visiting Hawaii, the yacht, anchored in the calm waters of the harbor, became the center of interest. The waters remained calm as before, but life of those on the vessel was anything but that. Every move made by those on board was photographed, and the moment one dared to put a foot on land he was immediately surrounded by reporters and curious people.

Mr. Dalken was not the man to put up with this foolishness, however, and he quickly made up

his mind what to do. Speaking to the "Specials" about his idea, they agreed eagerly. So he had Mate Allen take him in the motor boat and land him a distance from the pier. Thence he made his way along until he found a cruising taxi and hailed the driver. He was taken to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel where he had a private talk with the manager. Then he left again, having had his plans agreed to.

Back on the yacht he told his friends what had been done. They were to haul up the anchor and sail away—seemingly for parts unknown. Then they would transfer all necessary baggage to the motor boat and have one of the Mates land it at a point along the shore, not too far from Waikiki Beach, where taxis could drive it to the hotel. Later the owners of the baggage would follow. Suites were prepared and it was agreed with the management of the house that their names and affairs would be kept secret so long as they remained in the place.

Mrs. Alexander seemed disappointed at hearing that no publicity would be given her advent to the hotel of which she had read so much. But she said nothing at that time, because she was making up her mind to do her own advertising,

and letting people know that she was some one worth knowing—worth several million dollars, to say naught of her fine wardrobe just purchased of an importer in San Francisco!

The programme outlined by Mr. Dalken was carried out without mishap, and the "Honeymoon Specials" were comfortably settled at the hotel without any reporters, or curious minded ones, learning of the event. The arrangements by Mr. Dalken and the transfer of his friends and their baggage had consumed the day, so that they felt as though a valuable day had been sacrificed without profit.

That evening the "Specials," now traveling incognito in Honolulu enjoyed a hop at their hotel; but they had not had time, or any method, of sending word to the three screen artists, to let them know of their change of residence, so the Mates from the *Atlanta II.* and Mr. Dalken were their only partners for the dance.

"Doesn't it seem funny to be in such a gorgeous hotel with so few beaux in our train?" remarked Eleanor frankly.

The gentlemen laughed. "You have been spoiled by too much attention, I see," said Allen. "Now you will have time to improve your ways,

and practise upon perfectly immune dummies."

"Immune, perhaps," quickly added Jenks, "but dummies—never! Were we dummies we never would be here waiting for the next dance."

Polly laughed appreciatively. "That's so. If there is anything I detest more than all else it is a simpleton who thinks he knows it all."

"Like A. A. A.?" suggested Dodo mischievously, glancing at her mother out of the corners of her eyes.

"I was thinking of him," whispered Polly guardedly. But Mrs. Alexander was too occupied in watching Mr. Dalken meet a very distinguished man, who had just entered the room, so she heard nothing of the conversation between the young people.

The music began and immediately after the first few notes Eleanor and Dodo waltzed away with Jenks and Allen. Polly sat beside Mrs. Dalken and Mrs. Alex. watching them dance. She was intent upon their graceful steps, when Mr. Dalken and the strange gentleman approached the group of three ladies.

"Here is a great surprise for you, my dear," said Mr. Dalken to his wife; then he nodded inclusively to Mrs. Alexander and Polly. "An old

acquaintance of Fuzzier's, whom I met in Chicago two years ago. He has just returned from South America, and is on his way to China, on important business." Mr. Dalken now presented Mr. Toller.

The moment Polly heard "South America" she was all interest. She did not have to ask any questions of the stranger, however, because he spoke of certain matters uppermost in the minds of the group he had just been introduced to.

"Mr. Dalken tells me that you have had meager accounts of all that happened to the Expedition, since they sailed away several months ago. And I, who have been in Bogota, Colombia, for the last year, and started down the Magdalena River, on my homeward way, met, quite by accident, in Pt. Berrio, my old friend Fuzzier and his party. They were about to leave for their mining property in the jungle, and I had only a short time in which to visit with them. In fact, the hydroplane which stops at Berrio for passengers remained a shorter time than customary. As I had paid passage all the way to Cartagena, I had to jump on board, or be left behind."

Polly managed to draw closer to the speaker, and lost no word he said. Mrs. Alexander

seemed slightly interested in hearing news about her little husband; and one would not dream that he was risking his life and health in the jungles, to judge from her lack of attention.

"I was just telling Mr. Dalken about Jack Baxter, but he wanted me to come and let you all hear the story," explained Mr. Toller. "There isn't much I can tell, because I did not speak to the lad, and only met the remarkable young girl who nursed him back to life and health; but I can tell you what Fuzzier and Alexander told me in the hurried visit we had.

"Jack has been a very, very sick boy, and he will have a stiff pull to regain his old vigor and vitality. Once you get a good dose of the jungle fever, it saps every bit of vim from your body. I learned, nevertheless, that this unusual maiden understood the preparation of herbs and simples to a wonderful degree, and that she was dosing her patient regularly with drinks, of the concoctions brewed from the bitter herbs she gathered. Fuzzier told me that an aged old priest had taught the girl the chemistry she know—as well as many other important things. In face, I was astonished to hear her address me in English, when she smilingly acknowledged the introduction."

"Oh! then you saw her?" questioned Mrs. Dalken eagerly.

"Is she as pretty as I've heard she is?" asked Polly.

Mr. Dalken wished to ask if she was in love with Jack, because Mr. Fuzzier had written that the boy was in love with her. But he was answered before he could speak.

"I shall reply to all your questions by saying what I saw and surmised," returned Mr. Toller. "I first thought the girl was a very lovely young thing, such as we are accustomed to seeing in our large cities any day. But the moment she smiled, and lifted those glorious eyes to my face I was dumb. I never in my life saw such a radiance of soul shining from mere mortal eyes. I was actually uplifted, and gazed intently at her. Her smile, too, is apparently born of the light in her consciousness. I doubt if she is what you'd call 'in love' with anyone, or anything, other than the universal love. I heard she was but fourteen, yet she is looked up to by all the villagers; and mothers all the sick, and the babies, and the aged. If I were a young man and single, how I would adore such a girl! But I fear I would never dare dream of love, because she seems completely above

and beyond self, or personal interest. I can't explain exactly, nor can I describe her to you."

"Your words are a great relief to us," said Mr. Dalken, with a thankful sigh. "My ward, Jack Baxter, always was so impulsive, and fancied himself in love with every pretty bit of femininity he saw. We had an awful time keeping him from eloping with a scheming chit in South America, during our tour of the country."

"If she is so adorable as you say, what do the other young men think of her?" asked Mrs. Dalken, but she dared not look at Polly as she spoke. She *felt* it was the very question Polly was anxious to ask, so she spared her feelings by saying it for her.

"Oh! it is laughable to watch all those big football giants crawl upon the earth for the slightest smile, or wish, of the little senorita. Even Mr. Alexander and Mr. Fuzzier, tanned and tried old barks though they be, fall into line and obey the least command that comes from those sweet lips."

"Now I am judging from present appearances," chuckled Mr. Dalken, "but I should say that our friend here, Mr. Toller, was not ashamed to worship at the same shrine in South America!"

Mr. Toller laughed. "You've said it, sir! But I will confess that I dared not linger there for such an idol, because my wife and grown-up sons awaited me in Cartagena, where they had come on the steamer from Colon. That explains my presence here. My boys are about to go into business in the Orient. They plan to start the exporting of silks from Japan and China, and I am to act as their traveling salesman hereafter. I have resigned from my South American Trading Business, and hired myself to my boys."

"Is your wife in Hawaii with you?" asked Polly, but she did not ask whether his sons accompanied him, though that was what she meant.

Mr. Toller was very bright, and he smiled because he understood. "My family of three are with me—in fact they are some where about the hotel this very minute." Then after a moment's pause he added: "Are you the young lady from Colorado, to whom that fine young Tom Latimer has sworn life-long allegiance?"

Polly flushed and her friends laughed.

"Well, I am Polly Brewster, one of Tom's oldest friends. He was my brother John's chum at college, you see, and I've known him ever since I was a child. He is John's age, and John is much

older than—" Polly was explaining, when the four merry dancers burst into the circle and interrupted her final words.

Then Mr. Toller had to be introduced to the quartette, and instantly Eleanor demanded news of Paul Stewart, and Dodo wished to hear all about Pete Maynard. The man with the news to deliver laughed appreciatively and began seeking in his pockets.

"Now you little ones just wait! I've got some sweets in my possession for each one of you. I was just making sure whether this tall young lady was Polly Brewster, before I delivered her the packet I have brought from Tom Latimer, when you completely routed my intentions." Mr. Toller seemed at a loss, when he found his pockets empty. The girls grew anxious and watched closely.

"Oh! Now I remember," exclaimed Mr. Toller. "I've got those letters in my other coat. We'll find them to-morrow, eh?"

"To-morrow!" exclaimed three voices as one. "To-night—why not?"

The elders in the group laughed. But Eleanor continued her asking. "Tell us all about all the boys—and that girl!"

"Mr. Toller has been doing so, Nolla," ex-

plained Polly. "He was just speaking of Tom to me, when you four butted in."

"Pardon me, Polly," said Mrs. Dalken; "I believe you were speaking to Mr. Toller of Tom, when the others joined us."

"It is the same thing," returned Polly tossing her head.

"O-ho! Listen to Poll! That is the very first time in all these moons that we ever got her to say as much," cried Eleanor, clapping her hands exultantly.

Polly frowned. "What do you mean? I didn't say anything to make you act so silly."

"Didn't you?" teased Eleanor. "You said first that it was about Tom, some one was telling you; then some one else said it was about Tom that *you* were speaking; and now you say it is all the same—so that means the two must be won—or one, or two halfs of a unit. Get me?"

Midst the laughter from those who understood Eleanor's references, Polly frowned and refused to smile. Mr. Toller happened to be a peacemaker at the moment.

"Well, now! here comes my wife and boys—hunting me up, most likely, to see that I am not in mischief again."

The attention of his companions were thus drawn to the graceful woman, who seemed young enough to be the sister of the two tall young men, one on each side of her, coming directly towards the Dalken party. Eleanor and Dodo quickly forgot Polly and her grievance because here, apparently, were very acceptable dancers. Polly knew that the Toller family were on their way to the Orient, and doubtless would make very delightful friends to know better. Hence she let Dodo and Eleanor finish their blandishments before her own turn came to be introduced. In fact, Mr. Toller had to call her by name, and smile in her direction, before she came forward. Being the last in the list to meet the new-comers, she received undivided attention. And she managed to win quick approval and admiration from the two Toller sons, by her reserve. If they but knew what was in her mind at that moment! She was going to coquette with these boys, and *show* Mr. Toller, the father, that he could not make her a target for laughter from her friends. And all because of Tom! It was this man, the Toller boys' father, who praised that foundling in Colombia!

The wonderful music of the Hawaiian

orchestra began another mesmerizing dance, and both Toller boys asked Polly to dance.

"I can only dance with one at a time," said she, with a most bewildering smile. "But we might arrange this way: say I dance with one for part time, and then dance with the other?"

Eleanor and Dodo stood listening, and their chagrin at the way Polly was going to grasp both new beaux was plainly evident in their expressions. The Dalkens and the Tollers were engaged in getting better acquainted, so the young folks were left to manage their own affairs.

Jenks and Allen stood grinning at the way things were shaping themselves. They had been introduced to the Tollers at the time the girls were; but they had been completely ignored by their late dancing partners, from the moment the new prey loomed up in the offing—in this instance the dancing floor.

Polly danced away with Carl Toller, the elder of the two brothers; and Benjamin, the younger, stood watching them. He forgot there were two other attractive girls at hand waiting to be asked to dance.

Jenks and Allen, watching and waiting, both amused at the turn of events, failed to come

forward to claim the dance with Eleanor and Dodo; hence it seemed that the two popular belles were about to experience an entirely new sensation—that of being unwilling wall flowers.

Polly finished half the dance with Carl, and then Benjamin darted in and claimed her for the rest of it. Carl was loath to relinquish his partner, saying it was too soon to turn her over to his brother; but Polly smiled so charmingly upon him that he gave in.

Now it was Carl's turn to stand and watch enviously, while his brother held this prize of a girl closely and whirled her around, in step to the music. In fact, Carl frowned disapprovingly at the manner in which his brother smiled and enjoyed his opportunity.

Still Dodo and Eleanor stood under the gigantic palms and watched others glide by. Finally, however, Jenks took pity on their forlorn condition and urged his companion to join him in asking the girls for the remainder of the dance.

"Serves them right, if they never had another partner," grumbled Allen. "The way they dropped us and made a dash for new faces got me, all right!"

"Agh! be a sport and come on. You aren't

in love with either one of them, and neither am I. I like them immensely, same as though they were sisters of mine, and I'll treat them that way. I'd feel sorry for any sister that stood around without a friend to dance with, in such a place and with such music," explained Jenks.

Consequently Dodo and Eleanor were invited by the two Mates from the *Atlanta II.* to finish the dance. Gladly they accepted the deferred invitation, but neither one ever dreamed that they were asked in pity. Oh! what would Eleanor have said or done had she known!

They had just fallen in step to glide out to the center of the room when the orchestra, with a grand crash of instruments, ended the number. Everyone started an encore, but the players were not to be beguiled this time. They had replied to every applause that evening, and were tired of overwork. Now they would take their recess and go out to have their refreshments.

"Did you ever *see* such a band?" complained Dodo angrily.

"Where?" retorted Allen laughingly. "I don't see any, but there are a mass of instruments piled up over there."

"You know what I mean—I mean how mean

of them to lure us out on the floor and then turn tail and run!" explained Dodo.

"You mean what I mean that they mean—is that it?" teased Allen.

"Oh, you! You never mean anything, and you know it. As for me, I am glad you don't mean anything to me. So we're both satisfied." Dodo giggled as she said it, because she liked Allen, and he liked her a lot. Pure, platonic friendship, Polly said it was.

At this moment Polly came up with a Toller son on each side and each striving to outwit the other in attentions. Notwithstanding all this attention, Polly caught sight of her friends and steered a course for their group.

Eleanor could not control a waspish desire to remind her dearest friend that some one far off was thinking and pining for one who was now luring on two perfectly innocent victims.

"I haven't had time to ask either of your partners, Poll, if they met your fiance while in South America? Tom Latimer, you know, gentlemen," explained Eleanor, very guilelessly.

"No, they haven't Nolla," returned Polly. "But they have heard a lot about a sweet little girl down there—a foundling, it seems, that goes

by the name of 'quien sabe', meaning 'Who Knows'. Mr. Carl and Mr. Benjamin told me that their father foresaw duels and deaths between several young admirers of this bewitching girl—Paul and Pete doing the fighting and murdering each other, because of her; and Jack, the sick one, winning the prize. Tom will act as Chief Mourner for his jealous pals, and bring the sad tidings home to their fiancees—poor Nolla and Dodo!"

Carl and Benjamin looked in amazement at Polly, as she reeled off this unexpected tale, which she had constructed from the few details they had told her, of their father's opinions of "quien sabe", and the American mining expedition. Without waiting for any further explanations from either side, Polly now led the way back to the elders in the Dalken party.

That night, stretched out in her bed and trying in vain to summon the god Sleep, Polly turned over in mind the various things which had happened from the moment Mr. Toller was introduced to her.

She recalled the feeling of sudden animosity against the unknown foundling in Pt. Berrio. She was furious with herself at resenting

Eleanor's words, that linked Tom to her; and she wondered why she had flirted so outrageously with both the Toller sons, hoping thereby to "get even" with their father; and lastly, she felt amazed at the way she twisted the information given her by the two Tollers, just to let them know that Eleanor and Dodo were engaged to two of the engineers in South America, and were no freer than she considered herself to be—though she had refused stubbornly to become engaged to Tom Latimer.

Having weighed the matters impartially and judged according to a just standard, Polly had to pronounce verdict upon herself: she realized that she had been guilty of a fit of jealousy—why? That was the troublesome question to be settled now. Was she actually jealous of a better looking and sweeter girl than she was? Was she afraid that Tom would prefer this girl to herself? If so, he could not be in love so magnanimously as he claimed to be. Or was she, Polly Brewster, growing crabbed with old age, and prone to feel mean and envious of her friends?

The very idea of old age being the cause made Polly laugh.

CHAPTER V

SURPRISE MOVIE STUNTS

The Toller family were stopping at the Hawaiian Hotel and it seemed very probable that the two sons would have more than plenty social duties to perform for three up-to-date young ladies, such as Mrs. Dalken's protegées were. But the two brothers appeared to accept these obligations quite eagerly, if one might judge by the way they shadowed the "Honeymoon Specials."

The three actors had not been heard from since the night they said goodnight on board the yacht, but Jenks explained that they had been very busy for two days on another island, "shooting" pictures.

"Oh! I wish we had known that," exclaimed Eleanor. "We should have loved to be there at the time."

"Never too late to mend," laughed Jenks. "I believe they are to do a very daring scene in the

region of Kilauea, the day after to-morrow. The company are going to Hilo to-morrow, and stop over night at the Volcano House, and be on the scene early in the morning."

"Oh, dear! I wish we might do the same. I suppose the movie men will have done half the thrills before we can possibly arrive on the ground," sighed Eleanor.

"It is a very simple matter, Nolla," returned Mrs. Dalken. "We can start for Hilo to-morrow, if there is nothing more interesting on the schedule, and be on time the morning the scene is begun."

"That will be great!" declared Polly, and she glanced at the others to see if they agreed with the proposition.

"I hear there are frequent earthquakes on that island," said Mrs. Alexander, nervously. "Just suppose one should occur at the time we are there. I shiver to think of it."

"Ma, you stay right here, where it is safe and comfortable," remonstrated Dodo. "You would detest that rough and ready visit to Hilo, and be miserable at the hotel. Here you have exactly what your heart desires."

"Well, if you think you can excuse me, I be-

lieve I *will* stay here and rest, while you are away," was Mrs. Alexander's relieved decision.

Consequently they bid her goodby the following day, and drove away in the cars without regret that this member of their party was absent. They knew that the trip would be free from interference, with Mrs. Alex. at Honolulu.

A steamer from Honolulu goes by the way of the Kona coast, which is very enjoyable, and the Dalken party chose this route. They landed on the side of the island opposite that where Kilauea is situated. They secured cars at the landing and drove past Honuapo, and finally arrived at the hotel about sunset hour.

The scene at this time in the evening is exceptionally impressive from the heights of the Hawaiian Islands; and from the verandahs of the Volcano House, it was more so. The knowledge that, just back of them, stood the greatest active volcano in the world, and that any day it might start to belch and quake, was a thrill in itself. Then the rumblings at periodical times, and the crimson tints in the sky, that looked all the world like fire, made indelible impressions on the tourists.

An agreeable diversion from the really awe-

some scene was the coming of the three actors, to join the "Specials."

"Well, everything is set for the great shot tomorrow," said José, as the group turned to saunter back to the diningroom for supper.

"I only wish I could be there to get in range of the gun," ventured Dodo, "You see I am as wild and wooly a westerner as Polly is—she was brought up on a ranch, and I was brought up on a miner's claims in the old days of gold. I am accustomed to exploits!"

Mrs. Dalken laughed merrily. "One would think to hear Dodo talk that she was born back in the 48's, at the time of the gold rush."

"Since I've known the Dalken globe-trotters I feel old, because we've almost circled the earth in a few years' time," retorted Dodo.

"And we may circle it the other way round before we stop," commented Mr. Dalken.

"As far as I am concerned, we could start and follow the lines on the map of every latitude and every longitude, and I'd be perfectly contented," was Eleanor's comment.

"There'd have to be a lot more latitude shown us, than you do at present, Nolla, if we were to travel with you," laughed Polly.

They entered the hotel and selected a nice cozy alcove for themselves, where they could enjoy themselves without attracting the attention of other guests. Mr. Dalken glanced over the menu card and then looked up at his friends.

"Guess what I am going to order to-night," remarked he, smiling to himself.

"Goodness only knows!" exclaimed Eleanor curiously.

"Perhaps you think you will relish the fore fin of an old alligator?" suggested Polly. "But I don't see it on the menu."

"That would be the forepaw, would it not?" said Dodo.

"Perhaps it tastes like pickled pig's feet," added Alonzo, not wishing to be left out of the conversational ball that was now rolling around the table.

"No, you're all wrong," returned Mr. Dalken. "I have not whetted my appetite for such a dainty morsel as alligator's fins, or paws, or knuckles. But I am going to ask the waiter to serve me a regular native dinner. I see they have it mentioned here."

Consequently all the members of the "Honeymoon Special" quickly decided that they would

have the same dinner. Hence the waiters were told to serve only the dinner the Hawaiian natives would eat. And this is what it consisted of.

As an appetizer came sugared pineapple crushed with wild strawberries and eaten without sugar or cream. Then followed a course of steamed rice in deep bowls, with melted cane sugar poured over the top. Next followed fried prawns in "pockets"—that is they were hidden in the cornmeal batter in which they were fried. The meat course, which is not very usual in Hawaiian homes, turned out to be chopped chicken wrapped snugly in *ti* leaves and steamed over red-hot stones. Browned rice cakes, with small measures of cocoanut milk on the side, came as a vegetable with the meat. A dessert was made of sweet-potatoes and yams steamed and then baked in cocoanut milk. And the last course was all the kinds of fruit and nuts which grow on the Islands.

"Well, I'm sure we are not going to starve on this native dinner," said Mrs. Dalken, when she saw the bountiful portions placed before each one.

The evening was as delightful as all the evenings had been during this trip from San

Francisco. As they sat on the wide piazza of the hotel, waiting for the orchestra to play a dance number, the young people began to compare voyages in their past. Finally Polly remarked:

"Have any of you stopped to think that nothing of moment has happened to us, this trip? You know, we never before took any cruise or trip that *something* dreadful did not hold us up before we were gone a week. Now we've been on this "Honeymoon Special" for two weeks, and still we are going along with the utmost safety and smoothness."

"Better knock on wood!" laughed Dodo, trying to bring her knuckles down upon Eleanor's head.

"Tap your own block," retorted Eleanor, as she dodged.

"We're not back home yet, and I never like to brag, before I'm sure we are going to succeed," said Mr. Dalken.

"Maybe our past history of mishaps has ended for all time, with the Alaskan account," suggested Mrs. Dalken.

"Then it is due to the fact that you two, being married now, has destroyed the jinx. If you had married sooner, as Polly and I wished you to, we

could have escaped all the vicissitudes we encountered in South America and the South West, to say nothing of Alaska," declared Eleanor.

"It doesn't seem fair to place all the blame for those narrow escapes we had on the shoulders of Dalky and myself, just because we did not climb over the obstacles in the way of getting married," replied the jinx-breaker.

The music now began playing a very mesmerizing number; the boys were not going to lose any time in talking over past events; so they quickly swung the girls out to the dance floor and the suggestion of accidents was quite forgotten.

The last thing anyone in the party thought of that night, when saying goodnight, was the idea of having an earthquake. In fact, no one on the Island, or anywhere in Hawaii, had suggested such an incident. Yet that is what happened during the night.

The rumblings started soon after midnight, and along toward dawn a very severe quake shook the hotel. Guests ran out to the grounds and stood wondering and waiting for new developments. But that single quake was all that was vouchsafed the tourists at that time, and finally they went back to bed to finish their sleep.

At breakfast in the morning the only talk was of earthquakes, and the possibility of the volcano being too active to allow anyone to approach the crater. The hotel people said it would be just the time to see it; that flocks of tourists would be pouring in on the island all day, in order to visit the lively old giant.

"You visitors must know," explained the hotel manager to Mr. Dalken, as the party left the breakfast room and went out to the lobby, to secure cars to take them to the spot, where the movie scene was to be taken, "that Kilauea is considered perfectly safe, even though it is active; and at times there are quakes and great jets of steam vomited from its peak. It never erupts and throws out its boiling lava, but it keeps on boiling and smoking within itself."

"That is very satisfactory news," said Mr. Dalken. "We wish to visit the crater and watch a motion picture company take its scenes there, but we would not go if there would be any danger in the undertaking."

"None whatever!" exclaimed the manager. So the "Specials" started off in a confident state of mind. Confident that the jinx was dead, and no harm or accident could befall them.

José, Alonzo and Clem had had to start very early with their own party; so the Dalken party, increased in numbers by the Toller family, left the hotel about nine o'clock. With a native guide to show them the best way to go, they began mounting the cracked ground of the slope to the crater.

It was a strange sight to pass groups of tourists sitting around a fissure in the ground, whence steam rose in clouds, holding pans, or coffee-pots, over the hot steam, and preparing their breakfasts that way.

"They do it just to be able to say they cooked their meal by the volcano's steam," explained the guide, smiling tolerantly at the childishness—as he deemed it.

"Everyone to his trade," commented Eleanor, in her whimsical way. "I'd rather go back home and say I had helped this old furnace blow up, than to go and brag about boiling an egg in its steam."

The guide pointed out the sulphur beds of the volcano, where the vari-colored hues of steam and ground were beautiful in the sunshine. Then finally they came to a section of the region where the pathway ran down the sides of the mighty

cauldron. Here the very earth felt hot to the feet, and, here or there, one could see not only the jets of steam, but tiny tongues of fire leap from the crevices of crusty lava covering.

Finally the party reached the spot where the motion picture company had planned to get its scenes. It was on the very brink of the furnace. And a terribly impressive sight it was to strangers. In the vast pit of fire, at least a thousand feet across, and no one could say how deep, there boiled and steamed, and constantly seethed this great mass of molten lava. Great high fountains kept rising and falling, here and there and everywhere on the surface of the fiery lake. To add to this awesome spectacle, the continuous roar sounded like the rumbling of mighty thunder through the valley between towering mountains. Ever and anon a mass of burnt out ground along the edge of the pit would crumble and fall in without a sound, and be instantly engulfed in the mass of boiling basalt.

"The fires are more active at present than they have been for a long time," announced the guide. "The quake last night portends a spell of unusual activity here. After every season of such activity we find great masses of the ground surrounding

the crater broken in, and then the lava seems to recede deeper in the bowels of the earth. It has never boiled over its boundaries, in our day. And it doesn't appear to be likely to do so, if we may believe scientists."

"This is encouraging," laughed Polly. "From appearances I should say it was getting ready to rise in another minute's time, and give us a free, hot ride down the mountainside."

"A case where appearances are not to be trusted," said the guide. Then the three actors came running up to welcome the girls, and to escort them over to the place where the camera men were busy taking a few stills for publicity purposes. The guide learned that he could be excused, so he went away without a qualm.

"We've got our outfit over on the very edge of this devil's pit," said José, leading the way over dangerous ground.

"We have a shed erected there to protect us all from the jets of steam that spurt up, and from any redhot cinders that keep falling, whenever the old geyser decides to belch forth," added Clem.

"It isn't a place that I would select for a rest for my nerves," commented Mrs. Dalken, with a tremorous laugh.

After many turns and dodges to avoid unexpected jets of steam which issued without warning from fissures in the crust, the three actors led the Dalken party forth to the place where the picture people were engaged in shooting the scene on the very edge of the fire. In fact, so hot was it that the camera was packed in a large form of thermos case—a most laughable circumstance.

And now the most unlooked for experience was thrust upon those visiting the crater. A fearful rumbling seemed to issue from the very center of the earth, and suddenly the ground began quaking under foot. It increased in action and the rumblings became louder. Tourists began screaming and racing for the pathways that led down the slopes, away from the danger zone. But the motion picture company, and the Dalken group, were cut off from the principal exit from the region. They had circled their way around several projecting crags of fire-eaten crust, and were now standing upon another great crag, where the picture was to be shot.

"Think we'd better return before anything worse comes?" called Mr. Dalken, so that all could hear.

"Oh, no! we have no fear of anything happening," called back the camera man. "This is child's play to some of the risks we run."

"Well, you are doing it for a price, but I am conducting my party for a glimpse of the crater, and not for running risks," replied Mr. Dalken.

"Never fear; they'll be all right!" assured the manager of the company. Then he lifted the megaphone to his mouth and shouted orders to his actors.

Before anyone could obey them, however, a gigantic column of steam rose almost directly in front of the camera that was perched out upon a crag of the crater. The camera man had to run for safety and leave the apparatus where it stood. In another moment the dense clouds of steam had enveloped it and none could say if it was there or not.

"Girls, I'm not going to remain in this hazardous place," decided Mrs. Dalken, glancing anxiously around at the scene.

"I'm of the same mind, my dear. This is not using common sense—to remain, just to watch motion picture stunts photographed."

"I'd far rather pay my fifty cents and sit in a comfortable theatre and see the picture on the

screen, instead of here," added Mrs. Toller.

Mr. Toller agreed with Mr. Dalken, so the two sons and the three girls saw that they would be expected to follow their elders. And then the proverbial jinx turned up once more.

Just as the "Honeymoon Specials" turned to tell the three actors that they were leaving, a cry came from a guide across the chasm of fire.

"Back! run back from the pit!"

The cry now came from many others, who stood on another projecting crag opposite the one where the motion picture company stood. The Dalken party jumped as quickly as though worked by springs, and in another moment the place where they had been standing was covered by a cloud of steam. Immediately following this came another rumble and a quake, and the mass of crust was toppled over into the pit of fire.

The girls shuddered and the two ladies closed their eyes in nervous fear.

"Come now, let us run out of this!" exclaimed Mr. Dalken, taking his wife's arm, and beckoning to Mr. Toller to help his wife to hurry. The two Toller boys assisted the three girls and all started running for safer ground.

But they were not certain of the pathways, be-

cause the three actors had guided them on the way there. Finally they reached a sort of promontory that rose above the rest of the ground, and from this vantage point they could see around.

Then Mr. Dalken suddenly pointed, and screamed at the motion picture people, forgetting that his voice could not be heard a few feet away from where he was. The friends in his party gazed the way he pointed, and all were rooted to the ground in fear.

The quake had apparently cracked a fissure in the crust, and this crevice was widening every moment, thus separating the group of screen actors from the only way they could escape from the shelf upon which they were perched. But the director saw their predicament also, and he coolly lifted his megaphone and called to everyone to drop everything else and run for their lives. He commanded them to follow him, unless some one discovered a safer way to escape.

The Dalken members stood and watched, without a thought of getting out themselves. They saw the director lead the way to a section of the crust which had not yet separated from the mainland. They saw the spot where the company had

stood, but a minute before, begin to crumble away and fall into the fire. Then the places where the shed and camera had stood fell in with all it contained—films, cameras and costumes.

And now the most thrilling scene was being acted by the very actors in the company, and no one could shoot that picture!

The director, still using his megaphone to cheer on his followers, leaped from crag to crag, always choosing the safest and surest footing for those to follow him. They, without daring to look behind, kept on as close at his heels as could be. Not till the actors stood, trembling with reaction and drenched with the perspiration of nervous chills, on a comparatively safe ledge, did the Dalken group think of getting away themselves.

A few guides who had remained to see if their assistance might be needed, hurried up to help the fainting women in the picture company; but the girls in the Dalken group smiled at the idea that they too, might faint.

"This experience isn't a peep to the one we had in Rome the time old Vesuvius began to show off," bragged Eleanor.

"Maybe not; but there was no bottomless pit

of fire for us to slip into in Rome," countered Polly, willing to be fair.

Soon after the Dalken circle emerged from the crater and received the congratulations of a crowd of sight-seers, the motion picture company straggled forth—the guides supporting the actresses, and the men looking limp and weak from their recent narrow escape.

"You all ought to go down and look at the place where they stood a short time ago," suggested one of the guides. "Now its all a raging sea of fire—the entire shelf is gulped up."

"Thank you, but we will stay outside for the present," retorted one of the sight-seers. The positive tone of his voice caused a ripple of appreciation to come from most of the crowd, and all, with one accord, turned to start for the hotel. They had had enough of seeing an active volcano for one day!

THE DALKEN PARTY JUMPED AS THOUGH WORKED BY SPRINGS.

CHAPTER VI

THE LAP ACROSS THE PACIFIC

"THAT will do me for volcano visits during my natural life," was Eleanor's remark, as they all reached the hotel again.

"We all agree with you there, Nolla," laughed Polly. "Not a dissenting voice to be heard from anyone."

"Don't be so sure, Miss Polly," said the director of the company. "I may have to go back when things quiet down again, to see if I can salvage a camera, or any of our equipment. Just think of the hard luck—all those cans of film, and both our cameras gone!"

"I never thought of that! Will it cripple your work here, or have you extra equipment to fall back upon," asked Mr. Dalken.

"This time we are fortunate enough to have brought several new cameras and other necessities. Being so far from California, and not

knowing what we might run up against, we prepared for the worst, while really expecting the best to happen."

"Then you are to be congratulated," said Mrs. Dalken. "If those two cameras had been your only ones, think of the expense and time lost in this undertaking."

"One of the hazards in the game," said the manager.

There was so little spirit shown by the guests at the hotel that night, that the management found it advisable to retire the musicians earlier than usual. The guests that had been subjected to the harrowing experiences at the crater cared naught for music or entertainment; but they sat quietly on the piazzas and spoke of home, or of cooler and safer places where they hoped to be the next night.

It was that evening on the verandah of the Volcano House that Mr. Toller talked to the "Honeymoon Specials" of the wonders and beauties of Japan, and the Philippines.

"If you have leased the vessel for a year, and have nothing better to do, Mr. Dalken, I would suggest that you take the trip with us to Japan and China. You will never regret the time, or

the trifle extra in cost, to round up the Orient."

Then he went on to tell his interested hearers how great a profit can be made in the silk business. He said no one would believe, unless he had seen with his own eyes and proved to his own satisfaction, how amazing and profitable was the exporting of raw silk to America.

"Why," added Carl Toller, "very few Americans know that 175,000 families in Japan are engaged in raising silk worms and their cocoons. Japan manufactures twenty-eight per cent of all the silk used in the world, and sixty-six per cent of that goes to the United States. In 1916 Japan exported to the United States alone over $112,000,000. worth of raw silk.

"So you see that there is bound to be wonderful opportunities for young men who are not afraid to work and apply their intelligence, to compete with the clever Japanese dealers in the silk business."

"Even if Japan freezes a young Yankee out of business, there is always a welcome and room enough in China, where one can carry on a silk business. I'm not so sure but China will prove to be the best place for us to open our offices," said Benjamin Toller. "In case we fail in silk, we can

turn our endeavors to tea—not drinking it, but raising it."

"Maybe there is an opening for a good hard worker such as I can prove myself," suggested Alonzo, during the momentary lull in the conversation. "Do you need any Yankees to work for you?"

"That remains to be seen," returned Mr. Toller. "We are going to survey the possibilities carefully and then decide what to do, and where to do it—in China or Japan. But let me add this, my young friend: I believe you three husky boys ought to be doing more in the service for the world than mere picture making. It is a life that is bound to ruin all high ideals in time, and I tell you that I'd hate to see one of my sons in that game!"

"It was not choice, sir, but rightdown necessity that drove us three into the work. When we got back from France, our old jobs were taken, and we drifted around for a year before we got any work. We had to live, and how could we do that without cash? When a chance came up to play in a war picture we jumped at it. We proved to be necessary, because we knew all the little war tricks that were needed to make a good picture;

and no one, unless they had been in the war, could provide these details to satisfaction. It made the atmosphere of the picture. Since then we have been doing pictures off and on, but mostly off. The money we make in one picture is used up waiting for the next call."

"Are you boys free to leave this company and try some other game?" asked Mr. Dalken, always ready to help a young chap to a solid footing.

"Yes, we have no contract. If we had, we would draw a regular salary, whether we work or not," said Clem.

"What do you say then, if you hire yourselves to Captain Hall to help run the yacht, should we decide to try another lap across the Pacific?"

"Oh, sir!" breathed three voices as one. "It is too good to be true!"

"Nothing is too good to be true," replied Mrs. Dalken, with a charming smile of sympathy for the boys. "Because, to be true a thing must be good in its very essence. That is a true philosophy."

This was the first hint the "Honeymoon Specials" had that, perhaps, Dalky might go on to Japan and China. The very idea of such a wonderful dream kept the three awake that

night, talking and planning about the dream.

The following morning the two parties, the Dalkens and the motion picture company, left the volcanic island and returned to Honolulu. The actors to complete their picture contract for the Hawaiian scenes, and the Dalkens to continue their sight seeing of all that was known to be interesting.

Another week was spent in visiting different places. They saw water sports, and even had a native teach them to ride the surf boards in the surf. They went fishing and hauled in great fish that would have made their eyes pop had they been caught in New York Bay. They drove out to the plantations and gathered their own bananas, cocoanuts, and other tropical fruits. They saw the museums, the public buildings, and went to operas and ballet shows. One of the joys that interested Polly and Eleanor more than anything else, however, was the hunting of Hawaiian antiques.

"It's the same thrill as we get at home, when we go to the auctions and try to outbid others for an antique," explained Polly, one evening, after an exciting afternoon with a native.

"We come across a totem pole, or an odd idol,

in an out-of-the-way cabin, and we yearn to possess it at once. Then we start the bargaining. The native is just as keen as we are, for a trade, and he uses the same tactics as the dealer on Fourth Avenue, New York.

"This little idol I got to-day caused me lots of bargaining. I began at my lowest figure and the owner started at his highest price. Then I came up and he came down in small sums at a time. Finally we struck a medium and he gladly parted with the funny object, and I gladly paid the price. Nolla bought a Lauhala mat for a price that seems unbelievable to us in New York, because there we pay the dealer his fancy prices."

This talk led the others to investigate bargains, and the result was that by the time the *Atlanta II* was ready to sail away from the hospitable shores of Hawaii, there were mats everywhere: there were Makaloa mats of rush, of sedge grass, of the tenderest shoots of reed, and all were beautiful. Then there were marvelous robes woven of fine materials and embroidered or beaded. Also there were robes made entirely of feather-work. These were procured at the ostrich farms where birds are raised on purpose to produce plumes.

Then came the day when the last shopping had to be done because the "Honeymoon Specials," their number increased by the Toller family, (Mr. Dalken persuaded them to join the yacht party) and the three young actors who were going to try the silk or tea business, instead of motion pictures. Alonzo and José had been engaged to work on board the vessel as waiters in the dining room. And Clem had to help Hop Lee in the kitchen. At first, the girls thought this was a humiliating drop for the actors, but Captain Hall explained.

"No one, my dear young ladies, is too good for any honest and good service. Never think work is degrading, no matter where or what it may be. These three boys are made of the right metal, if you don't spoil them. They are only too willing to try their hands at some other labor, as long as it is honest, and they can fill the place. It's your work to encourage them, and not show your surprise at finding Clem in the kitchen, with an apron covering the uniform worn by the crew of the *Atlanta II*. What difference does it make if he wields a carrot, or a pen, in his hand? Does his character lose any of its fineness, just because he is flourishing a skillet, instead of a bank's cash

register? No! I maintain that useful service to the world, no matter in what capacity, is the main thing."

The Dalkens overheard the Captain's lecture to the girls, and they heartily approved of such sentiments. But the girls had to have their argument, before they agreed with the Captain. They insisted that making motion pictures was as valuable a service to the world as doing a few chores on a boat.

"But you forgot the main thing that this step, taken by these three late screen artists—if such you might call them—is going to lead to!" declared the Captain. "The culinary work, or the serving of meals to the rest of us, is merely a side issue, assumed by the boys to keep them from feeling under obligation for the trip to Japan and China. The larger service to the world (which they will soon be doing is in the silk industry, or in some other export line from the Orient. In the picture business they would always be making believe in the acts of their affairs; and so many of such affairs are based upon trashy stories, and vengeance, or sinful plots, that soon the actors develop a mental complex similar to the plays they act. Now, in an honest-to-goodness in-

dustry, they will not be making believe at all, but doing the best possible that they can accomplish. That is the difference—get me?"

No one could contradict this very evident truth, and the girls admitted that they were vanquished in the discussion. That noon Mrs. Alex., not being aware that the three actors had come on board with the understanding that they might earn their passage to Japan, was shocked at finding José serving her luncheon. Then when she saw Alonzo carry in a tray to serve viands to her friends seated at the opposite side of the table, she froze up and lifted her eyebrows in scorn.

In a stage whisper to Polly she said: "Did the picture company go bankrupt, that these poor young men must work their way to some port?"

"No," replied Polly, in a natural voice, "José, Alonzo and Clem are promoted now. They are on their way to Japan and China to enter into the silk export business. Finding that Dalky had no one on board to take the place of the Hawaiian boys, they insisted that they help us out. We all may decide to take turns with them: one day it will be the Toller boys; then again we three girls; and the next day it will be your's and Mrs. Dalken's and Mrs. Toller's turn; and at last it

will be Dalky's and Mr. Toller's turn. Won't it be fun to watch you three ladies carry those heavy trays from the pantry?"

Mrs. Alexander lifted her pencilled eyebrows so high in shocked horror at the idea, that it is a wonder they ever came down to a normal position again. But the others at the table had all they could do to stop their laughter at Polly's explanation.

All the way across the great Pacific this happy group of "Honeymoon Specials" had the best of times. The sea-going yacht was so well constructed and carefully balanced that it rode the billows like a cork. And there was little vibration, and not so much rolling or tossing, as the tourists had experienced on board an ocean liner. Consequently no one was sick, and the dining room at the sound of the gong was always quickly occupied by everyone in the party.

During the morning hours, when José, Alonzo and Clem had to devote their time to work, the girls and the two Toller boys would swim in the pool, play billiards, or sit in the sunshine on deck. But the moment the three hired boys were free, and the two Mates were relieved at their posts, all the young people got together and made

the hours fly. So contagious was their laughter and enjoyment, that the elders generally joined them in whatever was the chosen pastime.

Thus the trip from Honolulu to Yokohama, the first port made by the *Atlanta II.* seemed very short to those on board. It was late afternoon, as the long graceful nose of the vessel poked its way through the curling waves, which were running swiftly towards the east coast of the mainland of Japan, that the tourists on deck eagerly scanned the snow-crowned peak of Fujiyama, the Sacred, which, in the slanting rays of a setting sun, seemed to be sending a welcome to these occidental visitors.

Captain Hall now ventured to give some information. "This historic port of Japan was opened to the world's trade in 1853, by Admiral Perry. We owe him a great debt for making Japan and her neighbors fraternize so pleasantly with nations of the western world. Previous to that event, we westerners knew very little of our eastern brethren; but now one's education is not considered complete without having had a trip to this side of the globe."

"Jenks says we are more than 5,000 miles from

home—that is, from the United States," said Dodo.

"Yes, sir-ee! This gallant little vessel has carried us all this distance over the greatest ocean on this planet, without a qualm felt by any one of you. It certainly is a jewel of a craft," was the praise the Captain bestowed upon the boat.

"You give all credit to the yacht; but we, who have been through Alaskan waters with you, Captain, realize that the master hand that guides this boat has much to do with our speed and safety in arriving in Japan," said Mr. Dalken seriously.

The Captain flushed, being a modest man, and cleared his throat nervously. Then he diverted attention from himself and the crew by saying, "When you first step on shore in Yokohama you will see a perfect riot of color. You will wonder that such vivid colors can blend so naturally as they do; but you will soon find that it is due mainly to the highly developed artistic sense of color that the Japs have and can express. In everything, where the color flaunts itself to our eyes, we will find the same studious combination of color-tones.

"Perhaps the yellow-skinned faces with the almond-shaped eyes would not seem so fascinat-

ing to us were they gowned in somber black clothes and factory-made leather boots. I think the colors help to lend distinctive personality to the Japs and the Chinese. Without that they would not attract me much."

"How many times have you been in Japan, Captain?" asked Polly eagerly.

"Well, I sailed in one of our old-time schooners on three trips to the Orient, to trade with the principal ports here. Then I transferred to a steamship line and took the trip twice that way. In later years I devoted my time more to short tours and trips on my own vessels, and spent fifteen years between San Francisco and coast ports—all the way from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Valparaiso, Chile. But I never forgot the pleasure I got out of visiting these Oriental countries. Now that we are here again I feel the same delight and enthusiasm I did when I was thirty years younger."

By the time the *Atlanta II* had entered the port, and had shown her papers to the inspectors, to admit the Americans to the land of the Mikado, it was too late to think of going on shore.

"I don't see why we couldn't go for just a peep at the streets at night," grumbled Eleanor.

"You'd soon wish you were back on the vessel," said the Captain. "The streets are so narrow, and the buildings so strange."

Polly laughed. "Like the man who got him a wife—the streets were so narrow that we brought Nollo back in a wheelbarrow."

"It will be far better to get an early start in the morning, and make a full day of it," advised Mr. Dalken.

"Still I cannot help but sigh, when I glance across the water and see the illumination of the city, which seems to entice us to come join the celebration," was Eleanor's reply.

"You'd find it more than illuminating," laughed Mr. Toller. "And the celebrating: well, there's plenty of time for that."

Then Polly thought of an idea. "Dalky, perhaps you can fix it so we could stay in a genuine Jap home for a visit. I mean, in one where the family are not using European methods of housekeeping. I'd like to see just how they live, when Americans are not expected."

"I hardly believe that could be arranged," said the Captain. "The Japs are not a race to open their arms and doors wide to receive strangers."

Then Mr. Dalken mentioned an idea. "Do

you all remember that fine Jap butler I had in New York, the winter I had you decorators furnish my new apartment?"

"Oh, yes! the one who served the refreshments the night Tom and Paul and Jack Baxter got mixed up in their love affairs?" was Eleanor's laughing reply.

"The same. Well, Takiguchi came back home after he had mastered the methods of business in America, and now he is married. I received a letter, and at times mementos from him, to assure me he has not forgotten me. His father was Mayor of Osaka, and quite an important man in Japan. Taki was sent to the States on a diplomatic errand for his father, and not for house service, as you may have thought. I was the one to assist in carrying out the Mayor's plans, and seeing that it was successful, and Taki went home after a year with me. I believe we would be welcomed in the family circle, when we reach Osaka." Mr. Dalken's explanation had its hoped for effect. The girls now had something to look forward to, after the other cities had been visited.

"Well, now, since that visit is settled for Osaka, let us ask the Captain to sketch out an

itinerary for us. He knows every foot of land and water in the Orient, and is ably fitted to guide us," remarked Mr. Toller at last.

"If that is all you require of me I'll gladly do it," said the Captain. "But you err slightly, in one point: I do not know *every* foot of water in the East, because I am not acquainted with the Inland Sea." As he spoke he took up a pencil and drew a sheet of paper across the table, and began sketching a map of Nippon—the name by which the Japanese prefer to have their Islands known.

"Well, the Inland Sea is a long way off for us, so let the worry wait," retorted the Mate, who stood back of the Captain's chair, listening to the conversation.

"Look what the Captain is sketching on!" exclaimed Dodo.

"It's a Jap crêpe napkin, stamped 'made in Japan'; yet I know we stocked up with them from Woolworth's store in 'Frisco," explained the Captain.

"We ought to frame it as a souvenir of this visit," was Eleanor's suggestion. "Export of a Jap, and import of a Yank."

The entire party now grouped itself around

the table and listened intently while Captain Hall planned the tour of Japan.

"You must remember, friends, that this route,—like the folders of every prominent line of travel states—is subject to change without notice to the public. All depends upon the country, the weather, and the people. We might arrive in Peking and find a fierce revolution about to break out along the coast. Then we would have to hurry away, in order to get back to our haven, the *Atlanta II,* for security."

"Oh, we'll accept those terms, Captain," was Mrs. Dalken's laughing reply. "We only want you to promise what is practical."

"Well, then, I should say we do Yokohama thoroughly first. It is to be your first experience of the charm of Japan. So we must see to it that it is done properly. Our 'Specials' then will ride in *kurumas* (commonly called jinrick sha), through Yokohama's streets, to the Japanese quarters—the sections nearer the docks and business houses being mostly the type of European or American places.

"You'll gaze at the low, queerly-roofed houses, unpainted, with their fronts open hospitably to the street, and you'll wonder if there is privacy

within those homes. Well, you'll see, in time.

"One of our first points of interest will be to visit a wonderful temple, because here our decorators will find perfect examples of painting, sculpture, and other fine arts expressed. Here we must remove our shoes, for that is imperative in temple rules; and we mount the long flights of steps which lead up to the shrine. I will not ruin your visit by describing the scenes you will find in the sacred place, but I know that this first impression will color the rest of your stay in Japan. That is why I say we will see first the temple of Nungiyama."

The Captain then sketched in the other sights of Yokohama, and turned his attention to the next city to visit.

"Next we will take a train and go to Tokyo, which is only 18 miles from this port. Here we enter a city of 2,000,000 people, with modern skyscrapers and public buildings. We will visit the Imperial Palace first, because Polly and Eleanor must satisfy their craving for interior decorations and this will be the place to show them all the beauties of Japanese arts that they can digest for the time. We will visit the famous Uyeno Park, and treat ourselves to a ride on

the switchback railway; we'll have tea in one of the numerous tea-houses, and we'll visit the museums and Zoological Garden.

"Then there is Shiba Park; and the beautiful residential streets in the suburbs, where lovely palaces house the wealthy families of Tokyo. We ought to go to Bird-rest Hill, whence we can look down over the city and fancy we are above the earth. From this spot one can see the shimmering waters of the bay at a distance, with Yokohama 18 miles away, spread out like a toy village in the sunshine.

"From Tokyo we must return to our little craft and resume our voyage to Yamada, and next to Wakayama. We ought to visit Kobe next, because it is so important a place for tourists to see. But we can stop there later, if you prefer to visit the mayor, in Osaka first. It really is six one, and half a dozen another. So choose ye! If we select Osaka first, we will visit Nara next, and then go down to Kobe last. That is a mere matter of choice.

"From Kobe we must take the Inland Sea trip—the most beautiful of all the voyages the earth has to offer you. We want all the time necessary to visit any place we choose to stop

at on this trip. But we will have to take a native pilot on board at Kobe, to steer us clear of covered rocks and dangerous zones. I know where to seek such a man, when we are ready to start on the trip.

"Finally we will come to Shimonoseki, on the Inland Sea, and next to Moji. Thence we will skirt the islands south of us, and visit well-known cities such as Fukuoka, Nagasaki, and other places, before we start due west to Shanghai, China. Now I would say that we defer the outline of the Chinese tour until we have finished our Japanese visit—is that agreeable to you all?"

All his hearers were unanimously agreed to do as Captain Hall suggested, and then the party broke up, to retire and dream of the Orient and its wonders.

CHAPTER VII

ADVENTURES IN NIPPON

CAPTAIN HALL'S plan had sounded well enough to the members of the "Honeymoon Special," because they had not yet placed foot upon the Japanese land; and how were they to know that the trip from Yokohama would be so alluring? Or that the train ride from Tokyo to the southern towns, ending at Kobe, was to be desired instead of going back to the yacht and sailing around to Kobe? But they learned this in due time.

Very early the morning after anchoring in the bay, the Captain told off enough of the crew to take charge of the vessel and then all the others started for a visit to the city. Both motor boats were used to carry the "Specials" ashore first, and then part of the crew got away for the day, to enjoy the novel experience of visiting the Japanese port. The three erstwhile

actors, Alonzo, José and Clem and the two mates, Jenks and Allen, were included in the Dalken party, and the three girls had more than enough attention during that day. The Captain, having been many times in Yokohama, said he would remain on board the yacht. Later when they went to Osaka, he would take the day off for himself.

As the Captain had prophesied, the Americans were vastly interested, immediately after landing at the wharf, in the gorgeous display of colors everywhere. It struck them that there must be a celebration of some kind, so many flags and buntings were seen flying from every possible place.

"I'll find out what is going on," offered Alonzo.

So he stopped a small slender man, who seemed to be leisurely taking the air, and tried to make him understand what he wished to know. As no one in the Dalken party understood a word of Japanese, nor could they speak it, and they had not thought to hire an interpreter for the day, Alonzo gestured that which he tried to find out.

The Japanese man stared blankly at the actor. Then José stepped up and said, "Here! let me find out. You were all right in the movies, but

you're nix on the Jap gestures." So he began to make all sorts of pantomime, to help the little man comprehend the question.

The others in the American group stood around smiling at the manner in which the actors were showing their ability to act. They failed to glance around, or they would have seen that very quietly a large circle of amused Japs were forming outside of their own group.

Now Clem stepped forward and began gesticulating. He pointed at the different flags flying gayly in the breeze, then he waved his arms as though he were signaling by means of a secret code. Then he smiled broadly and began dancing, and finally caught hold of José's arm and marched him up and down the street vainly thinking he was acting a parade.

The Japs began to grin, and some to laugh in amusement. They must have thought the young men were trying their best to amuse them gratis. When all three actors took part in the scene, and the two Tollers were wondering if they could help out a bit, a Jap cop pushed his way through the throng and approached the gesticulating boys. Fortunately he understood English, but he could speak very little. He did not

use gestures, but he looked around at the American group and smiled.

He called to one of the Japs in the crowd, and the man came forward. Something that sounded like "Muchy, mushy, moosey," was spoken to the new-comer by the officer, and instantly the Jap laughed and nodded.

"Me be spik leetie beat English. Allee Melicans likee hire me?" said the interpreter, for such he turned out to be.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the majority of those in the Honeymoon party. And José quickly added: "We want to know what are all your flags flying for?"

"O-o-o-oh!" said the entire crowd of Japs, the moment the interpreter had told them what was wanted. Then a roar of merriment sounded at the expense of the Americans, yet the laughter was not offensive in tone—it was contagious, and soon everybody joined in. When he could be heard, the interpreter explained.

"No doing mooch. Nipponese folk fly flag allee time. Him makee street look happy. Makee people see shop and come buy."

"Very well," replied Mr. Dalkan. "Let us be off and visit these 'happy streets.' Ask him what next we must do, Clem."

"Wha' Melicans likee see? Big house? fine palk? musee? mebbe evlyting, eh?" returned the interpreter, who went by a name that sounded so much like "Josh" that that is what he was called by the "Specials." Now and then the boys would say "Josh-stick."

"Show us anything, and let's get started, so we can say we have seen everything, before we leave Yokohama," said Mr. Dalken.

Then Josh called a whole regiment of jinrickshas for his party, and they lined up for the tourists to seat themselves.

"Say! you don't think we big huskies are going to sit in those dainty boudoir chairs, and let these lean little fellows pull us about, do you?" demanded Carl Toller, who towered several feet above the slender Japanese "motors."

"Evlybuddy do," declared Josh emphatically.

And Mr. Dalken added: "We'll lose caste at once, if we are seen walking about."

With sighs of resignation therefore, the group of seven athletic young men got in the *kurumas* and sat down uncomfortably, waiting for Josh, to lead off, when Mr. Dalken gave the signal. The girls heartily enjoyed the novelty of this promised ride, and were smiling with delight.

The long procession started. The leading *kuruma*—which is a modern term for the rickshaw, simply because it has wire spokes and pneumatic tires to its wheels,—was drawn by a Jap well past fifty. Mr. Dalken was not heavy, but he was far more able to pull the sickly human "horse, or motor"; hence it may be inferred that the speed at which the *kurumas* traveled was not breaking any law.

"Say, I can walk faster, going backward, than this conveyance carries me," shouted Clem, to his companions in misery.

"That may be true, but look at this side street! Can you see yourself wading through that mud?" laughed Benjamin.

The atrocious condition of the street, through which the interpreter was guiding his party became the sole subject of conversation now. Then Mr. Toller shouted to Josh, who was four or five *kurumas* in advance of his own.

"Why you come this-away, Josh? Yokohama no got velly nice street?"

"Me takee short cutl," explained Josh. "Melicans likee see elvyting in one day. Yokohama got mooch to see in lilee time."

"Oh! take moochee time, Josh. We Melicans

got plenly day to see city," said Mr. Dalken now, giving his friends an opportunity to laugh at his Japanese dialect.

"No go 'way to-nigh'?" asked Josh, amazed at such loss of precious time, according to "Melican" standards.

"No, no! Mebee stay week," returned Mr. Dalken.

Instantly the Japs pulling the *kurumas* began to pass word along the line—as Clem said to his friends—"they are passing the buck." "Wait and see how they work this Melican gang for days' hire."

"Looks as though we were to be stuck for the week Dalky spoke of," jeered Polly.

Mrs. Alexander had seated herself in a *kuruma* drawn by a big strong looking fellow—the most powerful looking one of the entire number. She had been disgusted at the unsightly condition of the narrow street through which Josh had guided his party, and she used her lace-edged handkerchief freely to cover her nostrils during the transit.

Now they came to drier going, but it was dry merely because the city board of affairs had ordered cartloads of seashore pebbles to be

brought and dumped into the pondlike spread of waters.

The Japs were used to this kind of street, and their feet must have been awfully tough to allow them to run over the stones with such ease. But the *kurumas* did not behave so smoothly. They bumped and rocked like derelicts at sea.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Alexander, "this is simply horrid. I wish I had remained on board the yacht, with Captain Hall. I'm sure he knew what we would experience,—that is why he refrained from coming with us."

The man drawing her particular *Kuruma* now stumbled over a stone in his pathway, and the sudden jerk caused the carriage to swing off on the right wheel. Just there it happened that the stones had not been spread out evenly and a deep hole filled with mud had resulted. At the swerving sensation Mrs. Alexander caught hold with both hands to the side of the *kuruma*, to keep from being flung out. Yet the result of the plunge of the wheel into the watery mud could not be avoided. A great fountain of the black ooze rose precipitously in the air and immediately began falling again in a shower. The occupant of the *Kuruma* not having her lovely

chiffon parasol open, and being dressed in dainty georgette gown, leghorn hat and white suede shoes, got the full benefit of the mud-storm.

Then began such lamentations as the "Honeymoon Specials" had been spared for a month. In fact, so furious was the lady, and so very ludicrous did she appear, with mud running down from every angle of her picture hat, and making rivulets down her neck, from her shoulders, and leaving a pool in her lap, that it threatened to end the excursion before it had truly started.

The main satisfaction Mrs. Alexander got out of her dilemma, however, was her incessant scolding of the driver, and his stoic indifference to all she shouted at him—because he could not understand that she was in a way cursing his ways of life. In her own manner she actually *was* swearing—even though she did not use blasphemy. The desire was there, and she expressed it.

That was the only mishap of that day; and in fact, all the time the tourists spent in the city. They visited everything that Josh could think of, and then they decided to go by train to Tokyo, and see what could be visited in the great city that covers so many square miles of area—

more land than any other city in the world.

Jenks and Allen thought their Captain should take his turn to go with the visiting party to Tokyo, but he shook his head and smiled. "I've seen it many times, and you boys may never get another such opportunity."

So they gladly availed themselves of the invitation and started with the rest of the party for the train, the morning they left for Tokyo.

"I have taken tickets on the local," announced Mr. Dalken, as he ushered his friends into the waiting room. "I thought it would prove more interesting for us to stop at the different villages on the way, and see more of the country-life, than we could do in flying past on an express train to Tokyo."

"But, my good sir," laughed Mr. Toller, glancing along the tracks that led out from the station, "this is a narrow-gauge road. Do you think that an express running over this line, would travel at reckless speed?"

The "Specials" investigated this discovery, and Mr. Dalken admitted that he had not noticed this important item before.

The Dalken group had arrived in ample time to take the train, which was stated on the time-

table to leave Yokohama at eight A.M. But they waited and watched, and no visible sign of a train could be had. It was nearing nine o'clock when a green-capped youth approached them, calling out in a singsong tone "O-bento! O-bento!" He was drawing a sort of push-cart filled with clean-wrapped packages.

"What do you suppose he has for sale?" asked Polly.

"Maybe he is a railroad official announcing the reason for the delay of the train," suggested Mrs. Dalken.

"We'll try and find out what his cry is all about," said Carl Toller, starting after the vendor. The others watched eagerly; then saw the salesman take up one of his packages. This was the signal for the other young folks to go and join Carl.

"It's a lunch box," explained Carl, opening the package. "He is telling me some sort of jargon, and I think he means that we will be delayed until noon, so we'd better be prepared with food."

"What's good to eat inside the boxes?" demanded Eleanor, trying to get a peep at the twin boxes Carl held.

THE OCCUPANT OF THE KURUMA GOT THE FULL BENEFIT OF THE MUD STORM.

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"In this one is boiled rice, but how can we keep it warm, if we want to keep the box for luncheon?" said Carl. Clem had purchased a similar package now, and he was busy investigating his prize.

"I've got some Jap stuff in mine, different from yours, Carl," said he. Then the girls found he had drawn a package with bean-curd, steamed eel, seaweed, and pickled lotus-root in it.

"Let's each buy a package and see who draws the best prize," suggested Dodo; so they now found something with which to while away the time.

Each package of two oblong boxes was neatly tied with paper ribbon, under the knot of which a pair of chop-sticks was secured.

The entire company of Americans was soon surrounded by fruit-vendors, tea boys, and hawkers of cigarettes; then at last the longed-for sound of the train rattling over the tracks put all thoughts of shopping to flight.

The "Specials" climbed up into the car, to find that first- and second-class passengers were mixed together. Also they learned to their amusement that the seats, running along each side of the coach, were made for passengers that

squatted upon their heels, and had left their foot-gear upon the floor under the seat. Thus the girls found rows of clogs, sandals, slippers, and *getæ* in their way, as they proceeded down the coach, seeking for seats.

"This must be the smoking car," whispered Polly, as she noted the men smoking, and the atmosphere heavy with stale smoke.

"We'll try the next coach," said Mr. Dalken, starting to open the door to go to the next car.

But a guard entered unexpectedly and filled the space by which the "Specials" wished to make their exit.

With a low obsequious bow he addressed the man in the lead—Mr. Dalken. "Will your honorable party pardon the regretful necessity of my presence before you, to request you most distinguished visitors to show me your tickets?"

Mr. Dalken had picked up enough smattering of the language to make a wild guess at what was being said. The fact that every other word spoken by a Japanese was a polite term such as honorable, or distinguished, or noble, made it possible to interpret something of that which was said now.

The tickets proved to be genuine, paid for at the ticket booth, and then Mr. Dalken asked

if they could find seats in the other cars.

"Our estimable railroad runs but two cars on these noble trains," explained the man,—or so the Americans decided he had said—"and the next coach is the smoking car—occupied mostly by our most honorable natives."

"If that is the smoking car, what in the name of conscience can this one be?" laughed Mr. Toller, turning to prod a Jap who was sleeping, full-length, upon the seat.

Several Japs jumping up instantly, and seeing the ladies standing and trying to balance with the juggling of the train, bowed to the floor and addressed the tourists politely. Once again the words "most honorable", and "distinguished", and "noble", or "noted" rippled from the Jap's lips, and then words such as "wretched", "miserable" and similar ones, to denote the humbleness of that one, confused the "Specials" so that they were not certain which side was honorable, and which the miserable.

"I am sure he means he is wretched now for having given up his seat. And we are the despicable ones to grab at the offer," laughed Eleanor, as she managed to curl her feet up under her body, and maintain her equilibrium.

Polly refused to try to sit that way, and she kept her nicely shod feet flat upon the floor.

"Might as well have the game of being ignoble, as long as we got the name of it," said Dodo, as she, too, followed Polly's manner of seating herself.

"We all ought to thank our lucky stars that we do not have to travel on a 'sleeper' on one of the Japanese trains," commented Mrs. Dalken, trying to figure out where the berths could be forced into the small space of the narrow coaches.

"I can see what would happen, if we big, broad fellows tried to get into the berths," chuckled Benjamin.

"They're built for the slender Japs, you see," said Dodo; "and you overgrown Melicans would have to engage two berths for one."

"Even so, half of our bulk would be sure to drape itself over the edge of the berth and prove an obstacle to those passing down the aisle," added Clem.

"It would be a funny experience just to try a sleeper, and learn how they adjust the long or broad passengers to its space," suggested Polly laughingly.

"We may get that chance, if we go by rail

from Tokyo to Kobe. I told the Captain that I was thinking of it, and I would send him our decision by one of the three boys here. In that case, he is to go on to Kobe, and wait with the yacht until we send him word we are there," announced Mr. Dalken.

"That will be loads of fun," declared Polly eagerly. "I'd hate to think we missed anything on this trip, by traveling around on the yacht, instead of choosing the railroad."

"Even this trip is an adventure!" exclaimed Eleanor. "Who'd believe, if we told them at home, that we are expected to remove our shoes upon entering a train?"

"Well, one thing goes without saying, because of this custom in Japan," laughed Alonzo; "the Jap women have to keep their men-folk's socks neatly mended."

This brought forth a general laugh from the Americans, and the native passengers joined in without knowing what it was about.

"I bet they did that just to be polite. Perhaps they are of the opinion that they must countenance our laughing and jokes," said Jenks, glancing down the line of smiling faces, upturned to the white ones above them.

"How I'd love to get a snap shot of them all in a row, sitting tailor-fashion upon their heels," giggled Eleanor.

"We'll have ample opportunity to do that, and we'll see that we secure a regular camera in Tokyo," said Mrs. Dalken.

The ride to Tokyo seemed to stretch out forever, but it merely took the usual time for such a slow local, with all the stops and the delays at each station, along the road. There were no complaints heard when the guard finally announced that the "most honorable visitors might possibly like to propel their distinguished bodies out of the miserable, wretched, humble train, and thank the gods for their release." At least, that is the interpretation Polly gave to the long string of sounds that sounded like "Moochey, mutchey, meany, mownie, mie."

"If I live to survive this awful trip I shall never come with you folks again, to sacrifice body and soul for such foolish whims," sighed Mrs. Alexander, having had both Mr. Dalken and Mr. Toller help her down the steep, narrow steps of the car.

They smiled, having heard this same decision day after day, while in Yokohama; yet every

morning found the complainant eager to accompany them on their new adventures.

"Well! this is something like our cities in 'Melica'," ventured Mr. Toller, as they stood and gazed around.

"It's said to be the largest city in the world,—that is, it covers more ground," announced Mrs. Toller.

"Mother just read that in the circular she got from an official in Yokohama," laughed Carl, winking an eye at his mother.

"Even so, it is more than you folks did," retorted she.

"And she handed the pamphlet to me, when she had read it, and I learned that it is one of the most beautiful and most unique cities in the world," added Mrs. Dalken.

"There goes an omnibus!" cried Polly. "Of all things!"

"I saw pictures of trolley cars, too. When the awful earthquake shook Japan loose from her moorings, the newspapers gave pictures of all our modern methods of transportation," asserted Jenks.

"Then we need not ride in invalid chairs," said Carl, with relief in his voice.

"First of all, though, we hire an interpreter. No more gesticulating for us, and having an officer arrest the crowd," said Mr. Dalken, going to inquire where the necessary guide was to be found. This was an easy matter, and soon they were being led by a guide to the latest and newest European hotel in the rebuilt city.

For almost a week thereafter, the "Specials" filled the days with sight seeing, and the nights with amusements. They went to visit Ueno Park, with its magnificent old temples, and other unusual sights; they went to Shibo Park, mentioned by Captain Hall, as one of the loveliest spots in the world. They saw every palace, and every temple mentioned by the guide; and they climbed Bird-rest Hill and found that the Captain had not exaggerated the beauty of the spot. Finally they felt that they had "done" the town up brown, and little remained to be seen. Then they voted for the trip to Kobe. And it was unanimously agreed that they would travel by train, and send word to Captain Hall by the two mates and the three recruits, who insisted that they must be at their posts for the voyage southward, that they would meet him again, a week or ten days hence, in the beautiful curving Bay of Osaka, where Kobe is located.

CHAPTER VIII

DALKY'S GAMBLE

BACK once more in the city of Yokohama, the sailors said a temporary farewell, and the Dalken party went on—at least the *train* continued on its way to Kozu. This time Mr. Dalken had purchased *deluxe* tickets, with stop-over privileges at different towns on the way to Osaka. He fondly believed that these exclusive tickets and their sleeping accommodations meant that they would have private staterooms, such as the American trains have.

The coach *de luxe,* which was supposed to be extra first-class, and charged for that great privilege, was such a magnet for the "hoi poiloi" at at every stopping place, that they crowded in to stand and stare at the magnificent personages who could afford to pay the *de luxe* rates.

There being very few patrons who traveled in that manner, made it necessary for the company

to utilize the vacant seats in another way. Hence they stacked up with the fruit and food boxes that the vendor sold along the way; and the blending of the odor of food, and the smoke of the pipes, or cigars, of the train crew, who used this coach as their club-room, was not so delicate as it might be.

Mrs. Alexander was not the only individual to complain of the needless noise and confusion that was kept up all that night; finally Mr. Dalken got up in the middle of the "wee sma' hours," and asked the crew, seated near by and playing some native gambling game, if they would *please* make less noise; then he would give them *sen* with which to play a limit game, as soon as the train reached its destination.

Now the polite Japs, thinking the "Melican" gentleman wished to enter the game, eagerly nodded, and Mr. Dalken handed over a handful of Japanese cash. Two men made room for him, and then began to deal out a new lot of ivories to each player. To his disgust, the sleepy traveler learned that he was misunderstood. He shook his head sadly and turned to go back to his berth. These berths were merely the seats in the day-coach provided with bedding, which

was not so odorless that the passengers felt like hugging any of it close to their faces.

Just as Mr. Dalken had arranged the folding screen,—which was the manner in which passengers having berths *de luxe* could obtain a little privacy for themselves,—a horde of boisterous natives rushed in from another coach and went forward to the section where the food was distributed to those buying it. The last man in this group swayed with the rocking of the train. Mr. Dalken was arranging his bedding more comfortably, and was leaning over to do so, when the fellow reeled against the screen and both fell over, and struck Mr. Dalken a blow full upon the flank. It was like a ram that felt playful about the time a stranger was stooping to gather something from the ground just in front of him.

Poor Dalky! he was catapulted headlong into the side of the coach. And this being the place where a window had been broken and replaced by a paper makeshift, his head went right through the thick paper. There he stuck, kicking wildly with both feet, and trying to get a hold with his hands on to something more tangible than the air; but his head being projected

from the side of the car, he was not able to see what to do. And his voice was drowned by the general hubbub inside the coach. Perhaps his head would have remained thrust out from the side of the coach, and been neatly removed by an accommodating telegraph pole, or some other manner of executioner, had not the guard pulled him back to his normal position by taking him by the heels. Fortunately for Dalky, the guard had come to thank the most generous, honorable, wonderful patron for the gift of money to the crew that was now gambling louder and faster than ever.

In the early hours of the morning the "Specials" left the *de luxe* (?) car, and Mr. Dalken lifted his hand to the high heavens and said earnestly: "Never again! while we journey in the Orient do we take tickets for a *de luxe* coach."

It was Mrs. Dalken, to whom he had confided his night's experience, who told the others the joke on Dalky. And how they teased him at every opportunity!

Kozu was done! The "Specials" had left considerable *yen* in the town, and had visited everything worth seeing, and now they were

ready to go on to Nagoya. It was Mr. Toller who asked quite seriously, whether it was Mr. Dalken's plan to travel by night?

The disdainful look sent the speaker was sufficient for a reply. But the others all laughed heartily at the look.

It was at this city that the "Specials" met a group of English tourists. They joined forces for that day, and thus Mr. Dalken was told that he and his friends had overlooked one of the most wonderful places in Japan, by leaving Tokyo, and not going north to see the incomparable temples of Nikko. The visitors displayed colored postcards of the really beautiful shrines, and suggested that the Americans be sure to go there on their return voyage from China.

One pleasant result this meeting with the English accomplished for the Dalken party: the English had rented two commodious automobiles at Kobe, to carry them to Yokohama. They would have to pay for the same time it would take to deliver the two cars back in Kobe. When they heard that the American tourists were on their way to Kobe, and wished they might travel by some other method than the trains, they decided to turn over the use of the two motor cars

to them, provided Mr. Dalken liked the plan, and would pay the expense for the time he had them.

Would he? Well, he was so glad to get the cars that he offered generously to pay for the entire time since the cars were hired in Kobe.

"Oh, no!" laughed the gentleman in charge of his English party. "We are glad to get the change from motoring, to trying the train. We've heard so much about the queer ways of railroading in Japan that we would not like to miss an experience."

And no one in the "Honeymoon Special" was good Samaritan enough to warn the English party what to expect.

As Polly remarked, after they had bid the new acquaintances farewell, and had captured the prize of the two cars; "Why ruin their joy in a night ride, and perhaps, lose our own chance of having these automobiles thrust upon us!"

Due to the fact that the tourists were now traveling in the autos, going or stopping as they pleased, they were able to see more of the country through which they passed. Whenever an interesting place impressed them, they would halt and visit such a place. In this way, Polly and

Eleanor snapped many unusual pictures with their kodaks.

They stopped at Kyoto longer than at the other towns along their route, because there proved to be such fine tea plantations a few miles out from the city, in the country. Here also they visited some silk worm farms, to enable the Tollers to compare the produce with that which they would inspect later on during the trip.

At the time of their visits to the tea growers' farms, the ladies took numerous pictures of the shy though pleased natives working at their tasks. Women, old, young and middle-aged were engaged to do the work of picking tea leaves from the bushes. Some looked very funny in their large cone-shaped hats, and others merely had gay-colored cloths wound around their heads, turban fashion. It gave them a very picturesque appearance, as they swayed back and forth, plucking the leaves from the low shrubs. All seemed happy at their task, and many were singing.

The supervisor of the workers explained to the visitors about tea growing. "You see, when the leaves are ready to be gathered it must be done without delay, because they must not be too dry. Consequently we hire as many pickers to pluck

the leaves quickly—sometimes one day too long upon the bushes will ruin the quality of the leaves."

Polly listened intently, then said, "Who stops to think that the small tea-ball of leaves we use to brew us a cup of tea contains hundreds of single curled leaves which have been, every one of them, plucked by the hand of the tea pickers?"

"And that is but the first step in the process of preparing your tea for a beverage," returned the overseer. "When these leaves are brought in they are spread out upon trays about four and a half by two and a half feet in size. When this is done they are sent to be steamed and softened enough to be kneaded by hand.

"Then they are picked over to eliminate all the bad leaves, or stalks, which are thrown away. The next step in the process is the slow drier. This consists of placing the trays covered with tea leaves over a charcoal furnace, which must be kept glowing enough to keep the trays too hot to enable the men to hold their hands upon it. The leaves become red-hot too, but the workers have to keep kneading and turning them constantly to bruise the leaves sufficiently to soften them and render them pliable.

"The next step is to spread the softened leaves upon pans and dry them in a steam-heated oven. After this they are shaken up and loosened in a machine, which then sends them out to be picked over once more. Of course, it needs different periods of time for the work of drying the different grades of tea, and that is one reason the prices vary so much."

The tourists found the visit to the tea plantations very interesting; and the Tollers, especially, devoted a great deal of time to thoroughly studying the methods used in these districts.

"What a pity the three sailor boys could not accompany us on this trip. If they are to study the industry, they ought to be here," remarked Polly.

"But they had signed up to give their time to the Captain, and that time has not yet expired," said Mr. Toller. "Nevertheless, they will have ample time to study the tea and silk industries at the places we shall visit after reaching Osaka."

The following day the entire party drove to one of the suburban districts to visit a silk grower's place. They presented the note of introduction, which the overseer of the tea plan-

tation had given Mr. Dalken, and were received with overwhelming politeness.

The owner of the place conducted the "most honorable visitors" out to the mulberry trees first of all. There he explained that the leaves must be rich and juicy, if one would raise healthy worms.

"You see, I planted the trees in rows about a foot apart. But I cut down the first growth, to little more than a foot above the ground. This forces the stump to send out new sprouts which I permit to grow up to about five or six feet. The leaves on these shoots are allowed to mature, and then I cut off the entire sprouts, and strip off their leaves.

"Then these leaves are placed in a machine that chops them into small bits, but none of the stalk must get in the food because the little silk weavers are most particular, and feed only upon rich juicy leaves.

"You see, silk worms are delicate creatures and difficult to raise, if one is careless, or indifferent, to their welfare. The slightest touch of cold air, or a bad odor, sickens them and they die. Also they are very sensitive to the *breath* of humans. I have seen my worms turn instantly

from the breath of a worker who lacked sympathy and was not clean-minded."

The Americans exchanged glances at this unusual information; who would have expected such discrimination from a mere worm?

While the host was describing the process of taking care of his silk worms, he was walking ahead of his party and showing them the different steps in the industry. As he now turned toward the house, where the trays were waiting for the cocoons to be started, he said:

"We have to feed our worms fresh mulberry leaves about five to six times daily. And this continues for about five to six days, before they go to sleep. Then we transfer them from the trees where they have been feeding, to the trays where they will begin to make the cocoons."

The party now entered the place where these spinners were to be seen. Then the host pointed to some very fine worms.

"These we are selecting for breeders," explained he. "We place them in separate boxes and leave them. The butterflies are allowed to eat their way out of the cocoons, a process that takes about twenty-one days. They are then immediately taken away and placed in small

round boxes, in which they lay their eggs—hundreds of them!

"The eggs hatch out, but the parent has died before then. The tiny worms issuing from these eggs have to be lifted up by means of a very fine hair brush, to which the worm clings. It is so delicate at this stage of its life that the very least thing will bruise and destroy it.

"After we have transferred it to a mulberry bud, it feeds for several days, then goes to sleep. After a few days' rest it awakens and starts to feed again. Now it feeds for four to five days, then rests again. It repeats this process four times, and after the fifth feeding it is ready to spin its cocoon.

"This is the time we transfer them from the feeding tray to these mats," said the host. "You see these bent straws sticking up from these mats? Well, you will see the worms crawl up these. When they reach the top they cling there and begin to spin the golden thread, that winds about their bodies.

"About the end of a month's time the little spinner is ready to emerge from its silken room. But now the silk worker takes him and places him in an overheated lethal chamber, or oven,

where the poor thing succumbs. We then take the cocoon to the machine (which was invented, not by an Oriental as you would think, but by an Italian), where the shining thread is unwound from the cocoon and wound upon a spool, to be ready to export."

The long visit to this silk growers' place was very interesting to the tourists, and the Toller boys came away with copious notes and memoranda upon the subject.

The autoists now drove to Kobe, it being the most direct way to go. Here they would deliver the two cars, and then get in touch with Captain Hall. As soon as he joined them they would start for Osaka, to visit the Mayor and his family.

During the stop in Kobe, waiting for Captain Hall to appear, the "Honeymoon Specials" visited a tea-house, the popular resort called the *Cascades*. After descending from the kurumas Mr. Dalken led his friends along a winding pathway, that ascended gradually to a tiny stream of falling water. This was made possible by the picturesque rocks which had been placed to obstruct its course. And there up under the red leafed maples and dwarfed pines perched a restaurant, with the usual Japanese balconies,

where tea-tables were ready for any guests.

"I never dreamed anyone would take a mere drop of water, such as that rivulet must have been before it was exploited thus," said Polly, waving a hand at the scenery, "and develop a perfectly beautiful gem such as this is. All those shrubs and trees were planted by man; the rocks that cause the water-falls, the flowers, the very ascent to this rustic tea-house, were all arranged by the artistic sense and the hands of the Japanese."

"If some enterprising American would follow this idea and create a chain of tea-gardens similar to this, in our large cities, can you see how he would pile up a million in short order?" added Eleanor.

"Maybe Nolla's suggestion is better than our plan to stay in the East and export silk and tea," laughed Carl Toller.

"No joking, folks!" declared Dodo. "Nolla's suggestion appeals to me immensely, and I am not so sure but I'd like to start something like it, when we get back home. I've got all the money I need to finance the business, and I've got enough understanding of decorating now, to help me do the thing properly."

"Why, Dodo!" was Mrs. Alexander's horrified cry. "I never would permit you to work at anything, and you know it! It was quite silly enough of you to go with Polly and Nolla to study interior decorating, when we were in New York that winter; but I will *not* hear of you attempting any common labor."

"It wouldn't be common," replied Dodo. "It would be most *un*common. That is why it appeals to me."

"Your main difficulty would be, Dodo, to find any property in our large cities available to create such a scene as this one. Think of New York, for example. You would have no difficulty in running a pathway *up*wards, because all the buildings have to go up, instead of spreading out; and it would be a simple matter to run the water down from the heights; but where would you be able to place a pool, into which the cascades might fall?" was the amused question asked by Mrs. Dalken.

"She'd have to stand a gayly painted screen to hide the place where one would expect to find the pool. Behind the screen the seeker for a pool would find an exit to the street instead. Just under the deceptive screen Dodo would have

the plumber place the drain-pipe that carries the water of the Cascades down to the city sewer," explained Mr. Dalken.

This surprising statement from Mr. Dalken caused the three decorators to exclaim in one voice "Oh, Dalky!"

And during the general laugh from the others, that this exclamation caused, Polly said: "How can you say such practical things in this artistic atmosphere?"

"New York's atmosphere has that effect on its citizens, after you've lived there year after year," explained Mr. Dalken.

"No, it has not!" retorted Eleanor. "We've lived there long enough to know. It is only those that refuse to see the wonderful things in the City of the World! Such individuals as we who care to look up and over the commercial side of life, always find what they seek."

"Well, I suppose this viewpoint from a financier kills all hope of interesting his capital in my Cascade venture," laughed Dodo.

"But you said you were going to invest your own cash," was Polly's reminder.

"So I would, as a starter, but I have no idea of sinking it in a losing investment from the

start. That is what Dalky thinks it would be," said Dodo.

"I didn't say it would be a sinker, so far as the idea goes; but I said the cascades would be a sinker, at the end of their course. You'd simply have to let them sink out of sight, for lack of space to form a pool. And the great effect of your scheme would be ruined, unless you had a little pool where the lotus flowers could reflect themselves in the water," exclaimed Mr. Dalken.

The group of "Specials" had been drinking tea during this conversation, but now they were ready to depart again, and with departure from the fascinating spot, the dream of reproducing the Cascades in America faded from Dodo's mind.

CHAPTER IX

A VISIT TO THE MAYOR

KOBE proved to be a very alluring place to visit. It is the chief port of Japan, and is said to have more than 700,000 citizens. One thing that impressed the "Specials" more than anything else in the cities of Japan was the echo of the wooden shoes as they tap the streets. Fancy thousands of feet encased in such shoes, pattering here, there, everywhere in the cities, and then add up the sum total of the noise they make.

The *kurumayas* in Kobe, clothed in the usual blue pantalettes and blouses, figured with large designs in colors, sat perched upon the shafts of their carts, looking like great birds of prey hungrily waiting to swoop down upon their victims. Some had on hats of straw, and some wore caps of fur—rather incongruous.

"The first thing for us to do," said Mr. Dal-

ken, after returning to the hotel, "is to hire an interpreter, and have him conduct us to the places of note."

The clerk at the desk overheard this remark and offered to secure the best guide and interpreter in the city. He said it might be half an hour before the man would arrive, but that seemed a very short time to wait.

As though to prove that a guide *could* be prompt, the one spoken of by the hotel clerk came right on the dot of the half hour. Now it was the "Honeymoon Specials" that were tardy!

When finally all the members of the Dalken party had reassembled in the parlor of the hotel, the guide was introduced to them. "It velly late to see moochey," he remarked politely, glancing from Mr. Dalken, to Mr. Toller, and back again, not certain which man was the one to address in this matter.

"No hurry, Mr.——?" said Mr. Dalken, waiting for the guide to try to pronounce his name in a way that others could say it.

The guide laughed. He understood. "You no differ f'om mos' Englas' mans. Call me Bill."

Great! commanded Carl Toller. "We all can say 'Bill'."

"As you said, Bill, it is too late to start for any important place, but you might begin us with one of the temples," said Mr. Dalken.

So Bill conducted his party to a Shintoist Temple. These sacred *kiosks* are situated in lovely gardens where the trees and pergolas are dotted with beautiful lanterns. Birds, flowers and fountains make of these temple gardens the most exquisite resting places. Wherever you look you see natives coming to pray at the altar of one of their gods. The gardens, the natural beauties there, the pavilions, altars, sanctuaries, even the image of a Buddha, in the temples where Buddha reigns, presented a simple religion with out pomp or payment of coin. The worshippers merely went up to the altar, rang a bell which is believed to attract the notice of the god that reigns in that temple, then bowed their heads and prayed. They then clapped their hands softly and got up and left. All so dignified, so reasonable, so economical! No collection plates, no sermon on sins too scarlet to be forgiven, no fearful aftermath from the god. All a simple asking from the praying one, and

a faith that the prayer would be answered, in some way, at some time, in the right channel.

In the garden surrounding these temples one will find pleasant diversions. Bazaars for tea drinking, also cakes and candies; booths where toys and souvenirs are sold; jugglers, acrobats, and other ways of amusing the public are to be seen in these places.

"Naturally, one who has gone to the god with worry or trouble on his mind, prays and leaves the burden at the altar, then comes away and is amused enough to forget the problems. His brain, receiving enough new impressions from the amusements now enjoyed, has an opportunity to react from the recent troubles that had to be prayed out of one's consciousness," explained Mrs. Dalken.

"Exactly so the psychologists teach us in the States," added Polly thoughtfully.

That first evening in Kobe the guide conducted the Americans to one of the most popular theatres. Here Polly and Eleanor saw a very different method of handling decorations from those they had studied in New York City.

The scenic work showed how the artist had to think along the lines of the writer of the play.

In fact, both had to work as one. There were no pastel colored draperies and subdued lights to depend upon to influence the audience. There were no uniquely garbed ushers, and soft dreamy music to soothe the minds of the audience. Here was realism, and the bald presentation of pretense—that is, the stage did not try to hide the fact that this was acting; it tried to accent that point.

Hence the scene painter generally spreads his scenes all around the walls of the theatre, and does not limit them to movable slides upon the stage. Even the seats and the aisles for the audience are included in the general scene, and are colored according to the tone schemes in the play. The two passages by which you enter to reach your seats, are the approaches for the actors upon the stage. It is not at all unlikely that several important items of the play will be acted in the aisle, and in the main section of the auditorium, making the audience feel that it is one with the play—that is, everyone comes in close contact with the acting of the players.

The details of arranging such performances impressed Polly and Eleanor with the mental work an artist must be capable of doing, before

he could hope to present the finished picture, such as the girls saw that night—pictured in scenery, general decorating of the theatre, flower effects, lighting, and vivid colors everywhere.

"We certainly are getting our money's worth in a Japanese theatre," whispered Eleanor, to Polly, after several hours of the performance had gone on.

"Excuse me!" yawned Polly, back of her hand. "I am half asleep, and I'm not sure where I am."

"What! you can go to sleep in this most unnatural position?" exclaimed Dodo. They were seated upon crossed legs.

"I can sleep standing on my head just now," said Polly, with another ill-concealed yawn. "It's been a full day, remember."

Mrs. Dalken had caught sight of the wearied expressions of the girls, and when she saw Polly endeavor to stifle a yawn she nudged her husband. He glanced that way and nodded his head. Not long thereafter he leaned over and spoke to Bill, the guide, who was enjoying every minute of the evening.

So courteous are the Japanese that they will sacrifice their own convenience and pleasure to please strangers; and Bill was up and bowing to

the floor before the other members of the Dalken party were ready to depart.

Not one of the "Specials" needed rocking, to put them to sleep that night. But in the morning, when Bill arrived at the hotel all were awake and ready for another day's sight-seeing.

"I think I had best wait for the Captain this morning," said Mr. Dalken. "He sent no word yesterday, and I'm sure he will be on hand today."

So the other members in the group bid him a temporary good-day and started off after Bill. Mr. Dalken's surmise proved to be correct, because Captain Hall reported at the hotel before noon; and, no word having come from the sight-seers, the two men started out on their own accord. Consequently it was late in the evening before all parties met again.

"You are deserters!" declared Polly, the moment she saw Mr. Dalken and the Captain coming through the front door of the hotel.

"We were engaged in planning for a trip through the Inland Sea," explained the Captain glibly.

"After we conclude our call upon the Mayor of Osaka," added Mr. Dalken.

"That sounds fine, but you were going to have all that plan finished long before we arrived here for you," laughed Mrs. Dalken.

"If Mr. Toller had been with them, I should have said that they were off on a stag party, glad to be free from so many apron strings," added Mrs. Toller.

"Had I dreamed of the opportunity, my dear, you can rest assured I would have been the third member of that little trio," was Mr. Toller's instant remark.

"Well, to show evidence of our labors in your interests this afternoon, I can produce a marine map that will guide us along the safe route in the Sea," said Mr. Dalken, drawing a folded paper from his pocket and opening it before the young folks.

"Pooh! that doesn't prove a thing," laughed Polly. "You may have been given it by the Captain, and he may have gotten it from some official at the pier."

Mr. Dalken sighed heavily in mock distress, and the Captain laughed. Then he said, as though to divert interest to a more worthy cause: "Well, we are off for Osaka in the morning."

"O! really! is the Mayor at home?" was the unanimous reply.

"We met him in town, quite by accident," explained Mr. Dalken. "He had come to Kobe with his son on important business. But I did not know Takiguchi at once, he recognized me. He ran over and welcomed me to Japan. When I told him who was with my party in Japan he and his father immediately invited us to visit Osaka and permit their poor home and humble family to show our most honorable selves how glad they are to thank us for all the help we rendered them in time of need."

The trip from Kobe to Osaka was as enjoyable as it was short. The delighted Americans now saw one of Japan's up-to-date hustling cities, the most important industrial city of the land. The Captain had informed them that here they would find modernity on one hand, and antiquity on the other. So it was.

The marvelous old Castle of ancient fame, and the Tennoji Temple were records of medieval days. Yet not far away were New World buildings, and Americans hustling around doing business.

The "Honeymoon Specials" engaged two new

automobiles to drive them to the Mayor's residence—the home that he had apologized for as being "poor". Polly had expected to see a one-story paper house, as so many homes were in Japan. Imagine then her amazement, when the motor entered a lovely park and drove up before an imposing dwelling. Built in the Japanese style, it is true, but large and impressive in its appearance.

"What a beautiful garden!" cried Mrs. Dalken, as she leaned forward and admired the wonders of the landscaping done by an artist in that work.

"And what darling arbors, and bridges!" added Polly.

They were prepared somewhat, by the lavish expenditures evident in the parklike estate, for similar grandeur and costly furnishings in the interior of the house. Before any of the Americans could reach the entrance door, to give those within notice that they had come, a crowd of people—the entire household—appeared on the threshold.

Women, children, servants, and at the right hand side the host and his son, stood there welcoming the visitors. They fairly dusted the

floor with their foreheads, as they courtesied again and again. Then the Mayor called upon his son Taki, to act as interpreter; and to invite the friends to enter and have tea.

Taki smilingly obeyed, (even though he was a grown son, married and rearing a family of his own) because the master of a home in the East, is lord and master of the whole family, so long as he lives. The son's wife becomes a member of her husband's family, and she obeys likewise, when she enters that home. Upon Takiguchi's invitation to the Dalken party, to enter and enjoy the hospitality of their humble place, Eleanor and Dodo, being in the lead, started across the threshold. Mr. Dalken having been directly back of them followed.

Then they stood confused, and proved to be an obstacle to the entrance of their other friends. And this was why. They had forgotten that those who enter a home in Japan are supposed to remove their shoes, and leave them outside the door. Mr. Dalken had on his white canvas shoes, laced up in front; and the girls, as well as others in the party, wore pumps and white oxfords for that train trip to Osaka.

Taki saw their confusion and instantly guessed

the cause. "All right, ladies. My family understands American ways, and you are not expected to walk around our premises in your stocking feet."

The host and all his family smiled and agreed. Their attitude proved to be a great relief to the "Specials," who feared they had lost caste with these people.

Finding that they might enter the immaculate room without removing their shoes, the members of the group now followed Taki and came to the reception room where tea would be served. They found, to their surprised delight, that here were handsomely carved teakwood chairs grouped around a wonderful, inlaid table carved in a marvelous pattern. Exquisite old dishes were visable through the latticed door of a cabinet; and the delicious odor of sweets permeated the room.

Taki very courteously placed the ladies first, then showed the men where they would sit. Immediately afterwards the family seated themselves. A line of servants entered the room, bringing and serving tea, cakes and sweets, as well as nuts and fruits of all kinds. Not till afterward did the "Specials" learn that the table

and chairs had been brought into that dining-room as a concession to the American methods of sitting at table while eating.

The ice of strangeness began to thaw, with the drinking of tea, and the evident desire of Taki's family to be friendly. Hence a very pleasant hour passed in conversing, Taki being the go-between for the Americans and his family. Then they proposed to leave the table and visit the gardens.

Mrs. Alexander was one of the first to get up and leave the table. She pretended to wish to see the fine dishes in the cabinet, so she minced across the room and stood gazing at them. Polly and Dodo also came over, to join her in admiring the rare bits of old porcelain; then she whispered to them the real cause of her being at that side of the room, away from the circle of acquaintances.

"My shoe is driving me mad, Dodo, and I must do something, or I shall not be able to take a step. I'm thinking I can try to remove it, if Polly and you stand in front of me, to screen my actions. Now let's see," was her request.

Polly and Dodo quickly managed to stand between her and the rest of the party, and Mrs.

Alexander lifted one foot up, and stooped over in order to reach down with her hands and remove the tight shoe. But she had not balanced carefully upon the other foot, and now she lost balance completely and fell back against the wall, where stood the lacquered cabinet.

Mrs. Alexander was no featherweight, and her sudden fall against the wall had the most ludicrous results. The wall being of heavy paper only, could not withstand the pressure brought upon it suddenly, and the entire sheet of that side of the room broke away and let the frightened lady precipitate herself through the opening.

In the adjoining room, into which she plunged unannounced, the servants were working, clearing away the remains of the meal. Mrs. Alexander screamed with surprise and annoyance,—mostly the latter cause—and the servants ran to her assistance.

They jabbered excitedly about "permitting their poor miserable selves to assist the honorable and most "Moochey, Mosey, Meany" lady in the land, to get up and stand upon her highly honorable feet. But the most honorable lady had but one honorable shoe upon her feet, the

other shoe having been in her fall flung across the room and now waited back of the Mayor, for some one to find it.

Many were the voices raised to ask pardon for such an unforseen accident to the wall; but the Mayor's family were equal to anything. They assured the "Specials" that the wretched and miserable wall of their most humble and ignoble house was highly honored by having the lady plunge through it, with her exalted and most honorable self!

Nevertheless the Dalkens felt dreadfully annoyed at such an unpleasant incident occurring because of one of their party, and they wondered what they could do to show their regret. Taki, the wise one, understood just how his erstwhile employer felt about it, and he came over to pour oil on the troubled waters of the event.

"Missr Dalk' mind nottin' 'bout this. In Japan our house make of paper, so often we can tear wall down and clean up. Many time evly year, we take away old wall and put in new. This wall mebbe be take down soon anyway, and now leddy save us trouble, see?"

"Well, that is very kind of you, Taki, to look at it in that light," was Mr. Dalken's smiling reply.

Then Taki explained the methods of house-building in Japan, to the delighted interest of the young decorators.

"First, you know why we build so: because we have be ready for earthquake, which come often, you see. When the earth shake hard, we fold up screens, what make inside walls of our rooms, and we slide folding shoji together and sha! we have little to shake down by quake!

"To keep verandahs dry in rainy season, and from night dews, we have wooden screens,—*amado,*—which slide in grooves you see here." Taki demonstrated his words, and then he said, "But we have benefit greatly by my years visit in America: we now furnish guest rooms, and we have moochy fine furniture in home, such as my father never dream to get to house-keeping."

After visiting the gorgeous gardens and small lakes on the estate, the host invited his male friends to his "office" for a smoke. "Takiguchi, you show the ladies the *kura,* which is the fire-proof building we have for our valuables and such necessities as one needs in case of conflagration, you know," explained the host.

This was something the Americans had not thought of, and Taki explained how frequently

a fire very small in its origin quickly spread over a town.

"That ought to warn you to build fire-proof houses," said Eleanor.

"Only to shake down by first quake," laughed Taki.

While the men sat in the Mayor's room smoking his extra fine tobacco, Taki entertained the ladies. He wanted to hear all about New York, and about the many friends he had known there. Especially interested was he in hearing how Missr Bax'er was. And he was deeply concerned, when he heard about his illness in South America. When Polly told him, however, that Jack Baxter was in love with a young beauty in Colombia, he shook his head laughingly and replied:

"No, I mebbe guess no. Young Missr Jack too run-around to settle down marry. I sorry he not come to Osaka this time. I like him mooch."

Well, the Takiguchi family certainly entertained royally during that visit! There were picnics to distant points of interest; and there were visits to every spot in Osaka that would dare be termed a place to visit. It was in Osaka

that the "Specials" learned most of the ways and means of real Japanese life. Here they saw and heard about the geisha girls, and how they had to train for their work, for many tiresome years before they appeared in public.

It was Taki himself that drove his friends back to the dock at Kobe, and there regretfully bid them goodby. Polly was sure there were tears in his eyes when he bid "Mr. Dalkie," and all of them farewell. And then he stood on the pier and watched while they were carried across the water to the *Atlanta II.*

CHAPTER X

"SPECIALIZING" IN THE INLAND SEA

CAPTAIN HALL had been so sure of obtaining the pilot he had sent for, to guide them in the passage through the Inland Sea, that he delayed the start from Kobe for a day. Still the pilot failed to come. Then, in desperation, not wishing to have his friends become impatient, he went ashore to inquire into the matter.

There he found the guide too ill with fever, to leave his house, but he recommended another sailor to take his place. The distracted Captain hurried to the new address and learned that the man spoken of had started with a boat that very morning. The only thing to be done was to go alone, daring the passage through unknown waters, or find a native to pilot the yacht. He decided on the latter step.

Consequently Captain Hall returned to the *Atlanta II.*, accompanied by a villianous-looking

reprobate. In extenuation of engaging such a man, he said, "He was our last hope. All the other men that make a business of sailing the Sea were already signed up or gone on the trip."

"Well, we will have to keep our eyes open to see that our valuables do not vanish from sight; and you'll have to watch out that your pilot watches out for the snags in the sea," said Mr. Dalken.

So it was not with an altogether light heart that the "Specials" left Kobe to adventure down the Inland Sea.

Now the Japanese Mediterranean, as it is sometimes called, is divided into five basins, which are named from the important provinces that border the sea. The first basin the *Atlanta II.* entered was that of Hiogo. Along one side of the island coast of Shi-koku stretches a long, sandy beach, a very unusual thing in Japan. Back from this beach stretched the town of Imabari, and back of the town rose the mountains, whose colorful peaks were gleaming in the dazzling sunshine.

The pilot thus far had seemed capable of guiding the craft through the waters of the Sea, but that night the Captain was summoned by Jenks

to come on deck at once and see him; and there he was! stretched out upon deck, oblivious to everything else in the world, but his opium dreams.

"A-ha! so this is why you look so dangerous," was the Captain's thought, as he pushed the fellow with his foot, but could not wake him up.

"Now it's up to me to keep awake and help the Mate to steer us into a safe haven until morning. Perhaps I can swap this good-for-naught for a good sailor, in one of the hamlets along the coast."

Therefore the vessel was finally brought to, and anchored in a small bay on the borders of the province of Bitsiou. So still was the water of the bay that the lights dangling from the yacht reflected in the Sea as clearly as though they were reflected back from a mirror.

In the morning the "Specials" were astonished to find the boat quite still, and upon gazing from their room windows they beheld the haven where they were anchored, completely surrounded by mountains.

By the time Captain Hall had finished his breakfast, the pilot was conscious and ready to make excuses for his delinquency. Mr. Dalken

and Mr. Toller were with the Captain, when they undertook to court-martial the rascal and put him ashore in the town.

Then came a pitiful story, of his wife's sudden death and the starvation of his children. He wept and begged to be retained for the balance of the voyage, as he would never weaken again, nor fall under the influence of the narcotic. He really had used it the night before, he explained, because he was so worn out from loss of sleep, watching beside his wife's sick bed.

"We couldn't have the conscience to fire him now, Captain," said Mr. Toller, his soft heart touched by the sad story.

"No, indeed!" added Mr. Dalken. "His miserable face may be due to his sorrows, and not to depravity, as you thought."

The Captain was willing to be convinced that his friends were right in their mercy, and he agreed to try the fellow out for another day. Still he had a hunch that his story was not true.

The *Atlanta II.* was sailing gaily over the beautiful waters of the Sea, and her passengers were enjoying the unparalleled views and beauties afforded by this trip, and no further worry had been bestowed upon the pilot. Allen and Jenks,

nevertheless, had agreed to keep an eagle eye upon him, in case he proved tricky.

Not being acquainted with the passages of the Inland Sea that led to the ocean, the Mates had nothing to say when the Pilot chose the passage of Naruto, because it was shorter. But it also was less traveled, and it had a rather dangerous channel.

The coasts drew nearer and nearer to the yacht, as it danced onwards, and very soon the voyageurs saw they were at the gateway to the Strait. On one side rose great rocks topped by pines; on the other side were rocks and islets; and just ahead were a line of breakers, which reminded Polly of the rapids in the stream dashing down from Grizzly Slide, in the Rockies.

"Are you quite sure the pilot knows his map?" questioned Mrs. Dalken, nervously scanning the foaming water just ahead.

"We can be sure of nothing here," returned her husband, but his anxious expression caused the others to sit and watch ahead.

"The chorus of those thousands of seabirds, screaming, flapping their great wings, and swooping down for their prey, does not tend to encourage my faith in this passage," said Polly, in a comical way.

"I'm not so impressed by this grandeur, as I could be if Dalky was confident that the pilot was a safe guide," added Eleanor.

"Doesn't this scenery remind you of the time we started from the north of Ireland to cross to Scotland? Remember our fears?" said Dodo.

"I'm quite certain we will be wrecked upon one of these dreadful rocks that rise up so unexpectedly in our way," remarked Mrs. Alexander, shuddering at the thought of having a cold plunge in such rough waters.

"Well, we've been skimming along over these foaming waves for some distance now, and I see we are still skimming," was Mr. Dalken's encouraging remark.

Just as he concluded his words a sudden swerving of the vessel threw everyone upon the deck, to roll and tumble in an effort to hold on to something more tangible than the air. Mrs. Alexander was calling for help, and waiving her arms wildly for someone to take hold of her.

By the time the "Specials" were able to sit up on the deck floor and wonder what was wrong, the Atlanta was careening along without hint of trouble, or of stopping.

"I'll run see what happened?" suggested Carl

Toller. But they saw Jenks hurrying over to explain.

"We're all right now—for a time. But it was for me to turn that trick, or go headlong into a rock," he said breathlessly.

"You turned the trick, all right, Jenksy; and you also turned us completely over," laughed Benjamin Toller.

"Wasn't that better than sitting down under the waves now, calling to the seabirds to give you a lift?" laughed the Mate. But his manner failed to impress his hearers with his gaiety.

Mr. Dalken now left the group and went forward to the pilot-house. He was going to investigate the reason for having the yacht headed straight for a rock!

And there he found the pilot again—too drugged with dope to know what he was doing. Captain Hall stood at the wheel, and tried to study an old greasy map he had found in the Jap's pocket. It proved to be a map of the channels of the Inland Sea.

"Think we will get out of this without a mishap?" asked Mr. Dalken.

"With this map we ought to steer clear of danger now," replied the Captain. "But I'd

rather drop anchor near some friendly isle and inspect the *Atlanta*. I fear we ran too close upon those rocks back yonder, to have escaped without damage to the bottom."

The weather was fine and there was nothing to prevent the "Specials" from going ashore to camp for a time, upon one of the lovely little islets, which are sprinkled all along the way through the entire length of the Inland Sea. Therefore the yacht anchored near an inviting isle, and the tourists began to gather such items of wear as they could use during the camp on shore.

Mrs. Alexander raised a wild lament, because she had no intention of leaving a comfortable stateroom, for a horrid, damp camp on land. No one paid the least attention to her wails of despair, however, because they knew she would come along at their heels, as obedient as Mary's Little Lamb, so soon as they were ready to go aboard the little launches to go to the island.

Several fishing boats had watched the unexpected anchorage of the beautiful white vessel, and soon as the small launch was seen transferring the tourists from the vessel to the shore, the men in these fishing boats came in to offer fresh

fish for sale. This was fortunate, because the picnickers had forgotten to pack meats or canned stuff for the meals on land. When they had purchased such fish as would be needed, Mr. Dalken had a bright idea.

"Toller, come with me: I have a proposition to make these men." So the two hosts of the "Specials" went back to the beach with the fishermen, and made an offer which must have been accepted.

"I see Dalky taking something from his pocket and handing it to the fishermen," said Polly, watching intently.

"It's money. That is the only thing he would have in his pocket to give to the natives," suggested Eleanor.

"Now they are all going aboard the *Atlanta,*" said Dodo; "I wonder what for—and why would the fishermen go aboard?"

"I'm going to saunter down to the water's edge and find out for you," said Carl, sprinting away, to do as he said.

He might have spared his efforts, however, because the girls could see quite plainly what was happening on the yacht. Soon after the fishermen had gone on board at the heels of Mr. Dal-

ken and Mr. Toller, the watchers on shore were interested to see a group of men coming from the pilot-house, apparently carrying a heavy burden. Then it was lowered by means of a rope to one of the fishing boats. Next the fishermen were lowered to their smacks, and then the girls saw the Captain and his friends on board wave and shout a farewell to the natives. The boats moved swiftly away from the yacht, and were soon hidden from sight by some high rocks, which rose up dangerously from the Sea.

"Well, that's the last of the pilot!" declared Mrs. Dalken.

"It serves him good and right, if he has to walk all the way back to Kobe!" exclaimed Eleanor.

"He's got his full pay for the whole trip, and it isn't fair," complained Polly.

"Better get rid of him than keep him for the rest of the voyage, and perhaps wreck us completely," said Mrs. Toller.

"And charge up his incompleted contract to profit and loss," added Benjamin Toller.

"Mostly loss," grumbled Polly.

"Cheer up, Old Gloom," laughed Eleanor, aiming the fin of a fish at her chum's head. As

Polly dodged it, Nolla added: "We're not pushed for time, remember. We have the whole year in which to finish the Orient and get back to San Francisco with the boat."

"And I think this little change from the yacht to a camp on land is very pleasant. It will be more so if you see how wise it is of Captain Hall to make sure the vessel is safe and sound before we attempt to cross the China Sea to Shanghai," said Mrs. Dalken.

In spite of all the grumblings of the girls, because they had to leave their comfortable quarters on the craft and camp for a day and a night upon the island, they had a really enjoyable time there. The Captain remained on board, with one of the Mates to assist the crew in going very carefully over the vessel for evidence of damage from the rocks; but the other Mate was sent on shore to help make the enforced stay as pleasant as possible. With the Tollers to help, the campers could find no reason for complaint. Mrs. Alexander was the only one to shrug her shoulders at the idea of any one being comfortable in a camp!

The rest of the voyage was made without further delays, or unpleasant incidents, and Captain

Hall started the trip across the waters of the Yellow Sea, with a singing heart. The worst lap of this trip had ended—the only one he had not felt sure of—the Inland Sea.

"But it proved to be one of the most beautiful experiences we have had on our cruises," said Polly, gazing back at the lovely islands to be seen in the distance.

"And one that every visitor to the East should take," added Mr. Dalken.

"I wonder what is waiting for us in China?" queried Dodo.

"Pigtails and powder," laughed Eleanor.

"Pigtails, I grant you; but why powder? The revolution is ended, isn't it?" asked Polly.

"Oh! I wasn't thinking of war," returned Eleanor. "I was thinking of fireworks. Since China exports most of our fireworks, she must have on hand plenty of powder. And my complexion powder is almost gone."

Her ridiculous answer made her companions laugh, and so with a merry manner of looking forward to the visit in the land of the ancient race, the mariners finally entered the Gulf of Chihli, the entrance to Tientsin.

CHAPTER XI

MRS. ALEXANDER'S INVESTMENT

MR. DALKEN had been studying the map of China and now, while the Captain was engaged in arranging the clearing papers for the *Atlanta II.* and her family, he outlined a plan to his friends.

"Starting here in Tientsin, we see all that is desirable and then go on to Peking, where we ought to stay as long as necessary to visit all the wonderful places we have heard of." Now he paused for a moment, thinking deeply, and then he continued.

"I was wondering how you "Specials" might like to try a railroad journey from Peking to Hankow? It cuts right through the country and will give us a better idea of life in the interior of China, than any other way. Captain Hall can take the yacht from Tientsin, along the coast, to Souchow, and there come up the Yangste

THE PILOT IS UNLOADED FROM THE YACHT.

Kiang river to meet us at our last stop. In this way we can see all of the interesting sights along the greatest river in China, and come out at Shanghai, where we will make our next headquarters. In fact, I think I will have mail waiting for me in that city, by the time we arrive there."

"And where will we go from Shanghai?" asked Polly.

"It all depends upon the mail I get. If everything is quiet 'along the Potomac' at home, we can sail to ports we wish to visit, and come to Hong Kong. From this city to C nton, and then, if we plan to visit the Philippine Islands, we shall have to cut across the South China Sea to Manila. But we can wait and see about that later."

"We are 'as putty in the potter's hands',—mold us as you will, for this tour," was Eleanor's unexpected reply.

"Oh! hot dikcatee dog!" laughed Carl Toller. "List thou to our pensive poetess, Nolla the Nut!"

A general laugh greeted the two wordy warriors, but Mr. Dalken raised his voice and said: "Can't you be sober for a moment, till we settle

this weighty matter of where and how to travel?"

"Who could be sober with all this Yellow Sea surrounding us," laughed Polly, with a wave of her hand to signify the scene.

"Not such feather-weight heads as Nolla carries," retorted Dodo. "Now *I* might help you settle such a weighty matter."

"Naturally," was Eleanor's return fire, "one would select a heavy block of wood for underpinning of a weighty matter."

Mr. Dalken shook his head in despair, and threatened: "I'm going to invite the sensible ones in this family to come with me to the Captain's office, where we will lock ourselves in, to keep out the aeronuts. Once the tour is settled, we will be free to use gimlets on the heads of the nuts, and then try to inject a little sense into whatever stuff they keep inside those coils called brains."

Captain Hall now returned with a satisfied nod to the group of "Honeymoon Specials." "Everything is O. K., and we can go on shore whenever you are ready." This news made the young members in the party forget their recent bout with words.

Mr. Dalken then spoke of his outline for the visit to the principal cities to be seen. The Cap-

tain, however, suggested that the plan to travel by train from Peking to Hankow be shelved until the "Specials" had time to consider the advantages of trying a houseboat, to go by way of the Grand Canal. This idea was hailed as a most intriguing plan, and it was left for future votes.

It was agreed that the tourists take whatever baggage might be needed during the visit to Tientsin, and remain at a hotel instead of wasting the time every night and morning to get on board the yacht. The only ones to do this would be the two Mates, Jenks and Allen. They were to take turn and turn about each day, in accompanying the "Specials," or in remaining with the Captain on the *Atlanta II.*

Mr. Dalken's party managed to crowd into the motor boat in order to make one trip from the yacht to the dock. The Captain was to send the bags on to the hotel by Allen, the Mate to remain on duty with the Captain for that day, who would make a second trip for that purpose.

On the way to land the Americans were deeply interested in seeing so much shipping in the harbor. So many foreign steamers and freighters thronged the waters that Polly managed to get a

number of unusual and very fine pictures of the scenes.

"Don't use all your films for the shipping," advised Mr. Dalken. "You'll want to get a number of scenes along the streams we shall see, where the thousands of junks lie along shore; junks that are the only homes the owners know of; where they are born, live, and die, never dreaming of an outside world, and ways of living."

"How awful that must be," remarked Mrs. Toller.

"Think of the drab monotony of such a life," sighed Polly.

"Quite a contrast to the way we live, eh?" suggested Dodo.

"That is why I think you will appreciate the kodak possibility," added Mr. Dalken.

The launch now touched the wharf and the "Specials" were assisted to climb out. After Mr. Dalken had told Allen the name of the hotel where the baggage could be delivered, he led his friends away to see Tientsin.

Bizarre sights and astonishing contradictions were found in this city, which is often called the "Berlin" of the Orient, because it was modernized

by the Germans, after the Boxer uprising in 1900, when the armies of Japan, Russia, Great Britain, Germany and the United States, brought aid to the walled-in citizens. Up till that time it had maintained its unique reputation as a Walled City. Now it had a modern train line for its million population and there were many fine business buildings and modern residences of foreigners that made the city their home.

"I can't see that Tientsin has any great natural beauty to entice us to remain overlong," ventured Polly, gazing around in disapproval at the street scenes that met her eyes.

"But it is a necessary gateway for us to pass through, to reach such places as we would visit," explained Mrs. Dalken.

"Sort of a necessary evil that good might come," suggested Mr. Toller, who was walking beside Mrs. Dalken.

There were automobiles galore to be hired, and Mr. Dalken arranged for two of them to drive them to the hotel, and there wait until he had concluded his arrangements for accommodations. Then the entire party would drive around to see the city sights.

The first visit made was to the Temple, which

is raised in memory of Li Hung-chang, who was the modern man of affairs in China, and roused his countrymen to consider all they had missed in past centuries.

Several days were passed in Tientsin before the "Specials" said they had seen all that was of interest, and were ready to proceed to Peking. Perhaps the most delightful time the three girls had during that visit, was the day they devoted to hunting for rugs. The famous Tientsin rugs are made of camel's wool, and greatly to be desired by collectors. Few of such ever come into the States, but must be secured by the individual bargainer for trophies. Polly and Eleanor, their usual fever for bargains in line with their profession of interior decorating, managed to secure many valuable rugs in the day's hunt.

When Mr. Dalken saw the total result of their shopping that had to be transferred to the yacht, and carried all the way back to New York, he held up his hands in mock despair. "If you must buy so many carpets, why not wait till we get to India, and there buy magic carpets, that can be sent flying across the globe to your homes?"

"India! you never mentioned India as a possi-

ble port for the *Atlanta II.* to stop at!" excliamed Eleanor.

"If we are going on to India, Dalky, I'll sell these rugs to other Yankee buyers, and make enough on them to pay for the gas you'll burn on the yacht," suggested Polly.

"Sometimes I wonder if you are really a Colorado ranch girl, or a born New Englander," laughed Mr. Dalken. "Such a spirit for trade and getting the best of a bargain!"

But the rugs were carefully packed and sent on board the *Atlanta II.* before the "Specials" turned their back on Tientsin and started for Peking, which is declared to be the world's most fascinating city.

The train by which the "Specials" traveled, stopped outside the City Walls; because it was an unheard of idea that the noise and confusion of arriving and departing trains should be heard in the sacred place where the emperor dwelt!

Therefore the tourists entered Peking through the Great Cheng-yang-men Gate, and were amazed to find themselves walking along a shady avenue in the direction of the hotel, where they had been directed. They found the streets well-paved, well-cleaned, and many modern vehicles

for transportation, as well as the ever-present jinricksha. One of the interesting sights the girls first had of Peking's conveyances, was the palanquin, which had to be used in traversing the very narrow, crowded streets of the city. They also stopped to watch the passing by of a two-wheeled cart, in which the passengers sat upon the floor and bounced about like a rubber ball, as the springless vehicle bumped over the ruts, or stones, in its way.

"I'd hate to have to get any place in a hurry, if I had to go in one of those carts," said Eleanor, watching one that had six or seven passengers seated upon its hard floor. It was being drawn by an old nag that wouldn't hurry a pace, even if its driver coaxed it to try.

"But you forget, my dear child, that you are in the land where no one dreams of hurrying!" laughed Mrs. Dalken. "If you start to rush down a street in China, Nollo, you'll be arrested, as being demented."

"Then China ought to be a great place to come to when one's nerves are frayed out by overwork," chuckled Mr. Toller.

A City Guide was found to conduct the visitors to places which might be easily overlooked in this

vast place of sights to see. Therefore they went to visit the great Buddhist Temple, and then to the Imperial Purple City—no longer Imperial, however, but clinging to its name in the past.

"One place I wish to visit before we get mental indigestion from so many important sights," said Mrs. Dalken; "that is the ancient Astronomical Observatory, of which the world has heard. After this, you may choose your places of interest —the marvelous Towers and Tombs, the famous Temples, the Imperial Palace, and other lesser palaces, and so on. But give me the old Observatory first."

So seldom did Mrs. Dalken express a wish that now all the members in the party declared that they wished to visit that place of note, too. On the way, nevertheless, there were so many amazing things to see—a genuine camel train bringing to the city marts the unusual items for sale; the vendors at certain street corners who attracted attention by their colorful display of wares; and other diversions equally distracting to visitors,— that it is to be wondered at that Mrs. Dalken really did reach the Observatory in one day's journey.

Another day they visited a Lamaism Temple,

and one of the Confucian shrines; and at last they went to the Temple of Heaven, the most amazing place of worship yet seen by the girls. "This place will need more than a day to see it all," said Eleanor.

"I wouldn't have missed this for anything," said Polly. "If you folks wish to go elsewhere, go, but leave me here to sketch some of these marvelous designs and bits of art."

"The guide suggested that we see the Temple of Agriculture, to-day, Polly," said Mrs. Dalken. "Come with us now and then we'll return to visit this another day, when you'll have more time and leisure to sketch."

This was sensible, and Polly thrust her pencil and paper back in her handbag. The others in the party also agreed that a whole day was not too long in which to see the wonders of that Temple.

All the temples visited were beautiful, but each one offered its individual charm to the visitors. One of the Buddha's with the most contrasting effects was that of a gorgeous figure made of white jade and gold. It fairly blazoned its costliness to visitors, and left an indelible memory of how the Chinese worshipped their inspired teachers of any age and period.

As planned, the "Specials" spent a day at the Temple of Heaven, allowing themselves ample time in which to see all the different interests to be found there. As they left the large estate, which surrounds the famous Temple, Mr. Dalken remarked humorously:

"I can see where our trip to the Orient ends. Just before the year is over, for which we engaged the yacht, I'll have to send word to the *Atlanta II.* and tell the Captain we have taken such root in Peking that we cannot pull up and move away."

"You must admit, Dalky, that this is the most alluring as well as the most amazing city we have yet visited in our globe-trottings," said Polly.

"I admit your statement, but that doesn't get us to India, or over to get a glimpse of the pyramids, does it?" countered he.

"You never breathed a word about India, or Egypt!" chorused several girlish voices as one.

The Honeymoon Couple laughed appreciatively, and the bride said: "We were thinking of an extension to our trip to the Orient. You see, we have to pay for the year's lease on this vessel we've taken, whether we use it or not. Why go back before the year ends?"

"Why?" That is a fine question to put to us "Specials"! declared Eleanor, but her face was wreathed in smiles of anticipation.

"Time enough to plan the future," now said Mr. Dalken. "I must see what letters are awaiting me, when we arrive in Shanghai."

"To-morrow, you know, we are to go visit the Museum. I have heard so much about it, since coming to Peking, and I must satisfy my curiosity," said Mrs. Dalken.

"I cannot possibly be one of the party," now said Mrs. Alexander. "I have a most important appointment in the city, with one of its leading merchants."

Naturally, judging from past important engagements concerning Dodo's mother, it was inferred that she was going to shop for kimonos, wonderful coats for evening wear, and silk pajamas. Had Dodo dreamed that her mother was about to purchase a Pekinese family of puppies, what would she have said—or done? But she didn't know.

The next day all but Mrs. Alexander visited the Museum, and then went to see the Summer Palace, which is said to have cost over fifty millions of dollars. One of the most amazing things

in this great place was the white marble boat, placed out in the lake, which was a satisfaction to the artistic senses of interior decorators. and to sculptors as well. The Marble Bridge was another work of art, that caused exclamations of amazement from the "Specials."

That night after dinner, at the hotel, Mr. Dalken introduced a new plan. "I've heard that we would be perfectly mad to leave this section of the country without paying a visit to the famous Ming Tombs. Also the Great Wall of China at that section is the most remarkable part to see."

"How far is it from Peking, Dalky?" asked Polly.

"It isn't the distance that counts in the East, my girl, but the time it takes to travel," retorted Carl Toller. "I heard it takes from two to three days; but it is said the going is easy, far more comfortable than riding in a Fifth Avenue Bus."

"Since Carl is the one who told me the conversation he heard from other tourists in Peking, let him tell you about it," confessed Mr. Dalken.

"Is the train like one of those we had to use in Japan?" was Dodo's question. Her mother instantly held up her hands.

"Then count me out! I'll stay in the hotel and enjoy myself," said she.

"Oh, no! This train has first, second, third and fourth class accommodations. We might go so far as to charter a whole coach for our party. That will give us privacy and comfort," said Carl.

Because of this proposition, the tourists decided to go to the Ming Tombs, and also visit and get good pictures of the most interesting section of the Wall of China. As they were about to leave the table, a bellhop brought a note to Mrs. Alexander. She read it, and then flushed angrily.

"Why, how impertinent of them. As if I had not paid an exhorbitant price for my room!"

"What's the matter, Ma?" asked Dodo, suspecting her parent of some trouble with the management.

"Nothing to interest any of you people," said she, thrusting the note into her purse, and hurrying away from the Dalken group.

"I fear Ma has fallen in hot water again, folks, and I must go see what is wrong," said Dodo, hastily, rising and following after her mother.

"We'll go to our rooms, Dalky, and pack up our bags for an early start," suggested Polly, after they had sauntered out to the main stairway of the hotel.

"That's a good plan. We're all tired, with so much sight-seeing, and we can use the extra hour of rest to-night, and get up early to-morrow," agreed Mr. Toller.

So the ladies went up to their rooms, and the gentlemen agreed to follow shortly. Polly and Eleanor were approaching their room doors, when they heard an unearthly howling and yelping coming from Mrs. Alexander's room, just across the hall from their own rooms.

"What under the sun can that be?" asked Eleanor amazed.

Before Polly could answer, Dodo and her mother were seen running down the corridor. Mrs. Alexander with both hands covering her ears, Dodo keeping up a rapid fire of objections about some mistake her mother had made.

Seeing her chums waiting outside their doors, Dodo turned to them, and explained. "What do you think Ma swears she will do now? She shopped all day with a dog fancier, and now she has a whole litter of Pekinese puppies in her

room. From their wails I should say they have never been away from their mother before. Ma says it is the rage in New York to raise Pekinese puppies, and she is going to take these with her. The hotel management sent in a note to her, to say the patrons in adjoining rooms have complained about the noise and disturbance caused by the dogs all afternoon."

Eleanor had to laugh aloud at the funny side of the story, but Polly felt sorry for Dodo. So she now said: "It will be foolish to take these puppies on the vessel, Mrs. Alex., because you can buy genuine pedigreed Pekinese puppies in the States, without paying duty on them. And think of the daily trouble you will have in caring for young pups."

"Oh, I wouldn't have to look after them, Polly," replied the lady. "I'd have the members of the crew to do it. I might get one of those movie waiters to fill in a little of their waste time, in giving the pups an airing and seeing that they are fed."

"Now listen to me, Ma!" said Dodo, with such emphasis that her mother turned to stare in surprise at this daughter. "Those puppies are coming out of that room inside of three seconds;

moreover, they're going right back to the kennels, where you got them. And not a word of anything of all this to the Dalkens, or to others who know you. Bad enough for us girls to hear you talk of making some one else's guests do your work for you—and you a guest yourself!"

Suiting the action to her words, Dodo unlocked the door of the room and stopped upon the threshold to gaze at what she saw. Mrs. Alexander had followed close upon her daughter's heels, in order to get in at the same time, and fight for the pups' remaining in her room. Now she changed her mind instantly.

There were five puppies of an age when their milk teeth loosen and the second teeth begin to annoy their gums. This means that at such an age puppies will chew and tear and shake everything they can get between their teeth—just as a babe bites on a hard ring, or chews at whatever it can master.

Mrs. Alexander, to keep the presence of her puppies a secret, until she could smuggle them on board the *Atlanta II.* had left them rolled up in some of her negligees, and had placed them upon the pillows of her bed, back in a corner of the room.

Now the room was covered with feathers: the floor, the furniture, the woodwork, and anything that could hold a feather. Not only had those puppies chewed great rents in the pillows, which let the feathers escape as the ticks were wildly shaken up, but the gorgeous kimonos, Mandarin coats, and other costly articles of dress which Mrs. Alexander had squandered so much money upon, were dragged about the room, and some of the finest garments were chewed full of holes. One pup was engaged in trying to masticate a heavy gold tassel, which he had yanked from a pajama coat.

"Oh! you little beasts! You horrid, nasty, filthy, good-for-nothing, wretched, er-r-er . . ! !" Mrs. Alexander stopped for the lack of a name to fit such indecency as those puppies had displayed! She stamped her high-heeled shoes upon the floor, and her temper was not benefitted any by having one of her shoes turn over unexpectedly at the vehement stamp, thus twisting her ankle, that had never been quite the same after the sprain in Alaska.

She cried with mingled rage and pain and sank upon a cushion; the while Dodo grimly gathered the puppies in her arms and, with Polly's

help, managed to get them into the basket.

"Get rid of them quickly!" shouted Mrs. Alexander, waving her beringed fingers at the door. "Give them to the cook to stew for his dinner—throw them out in the street—anything, but get the miserable creatures out of my sight!"

"Nolla, you stay and wait for the maid I will send up to try to tidy this room," begged Dodo, of her friend. And Eleanor, thoroughly enjoying Mrs. Alexander's tantrum, agreed to stay.

The two girls managed to get the puppies down stairs and out to Carl Toller, who sat on the wide verandah watching the night scenes. Thus he was beguiled into delivering the dogs to some shop, where they were delighted to take them off his hands. But Dodo would not take the money that Carl brought back.

"No, sir! put it in a Charity Box somewhere in the city. Ma shall pay for her foibles." And Polly thought that was justice.

The next morning, bright and early, the entire party started for the Ming Tombs. And no one other than the girls and Carl dreamed of the narrow escape they had from taking care of five unweaned little Pekinese puppies during the remainder of that Honeymoon.

CHAPTER XII

LETTERS AT HONG KONG

"So it is decided unanimously is it, that we take train from Peking to Hankow and thence travel by slow boat down the river and meet the *Atlanta II.* in Shanghai," said Mr. Dalken, the day after the party returned from the visit to the Ming Tombs to the Imperial City.

"I have declared over and again, that it is not to my liking," complained Mrs. Alexander. "I just know you will get all fussed up in these impossible trains, and perhaps catch cholera, or some other fatal fever."

"And I told Ma that she must go to the yacht to wait, or to sail along the coast, and meet us at Shanghai," said Dodo.

"So that too is settled, Mrs. Alexander," said Mr. Dalken, without a moment's hesitation. "Jenks will escort you on board the *Atlanta II.* in the morning, and we will meet you again in

the port of Shanghai. I trust you will enjoy your sail immensely."

This determination was so sudden and so unexpected that the lady had nothing to say. She had continued her complaining all the way to the Ming Tombs, and all the way back. The train service was a never failing cause for her scorn. The other members in the party had wearied of her presence, and Mr. Dalken decided to give her a practical test of what she declared she wanted most—the yacht!

In vain, Mrs. Alexander tried to get around the situation, but everyone had been warned beforehand, and no one gave her a loophole through which to crawl. Thus it happened that she was the only woman, beside the maid, to travel by boat to Shanghai.

Meanwhile the "Specials" traveled by train, along the road that ran to the city which is situated on that great river that is called "Son of the Ocean,— the Yangtse Kiang. It is the second greatest river in the world, but it is second to none in the world for its value to the people.

"When you consider that this river is navigable for more than 2,000 miles, and that it runs through the most fertile lands, where tea and

other products exported to the world are raised, you can see its value to the commercial world," remarked Mr. Toller, who was impressed by the first sight of such a great stream.

The most surprising sight in Hankow for the tourists was the swarming humanity that lives directly on the shores, and upon the water of the great river. Polly managed to take numerous pictures of whole families dwelling upon mere platforms made of mats, reeds and bamboo, placed upon poles, which were driven into the soft mud of the river banks—sometimes out over the water itself.

"Goodness me!" cried Eleanor aghast at such a sight. "What happens to the youngsters, that creep out over the edge of those flimsy rafts, and fall down into that yellow water?"

"Hankow seldom misses one of its population," returned the guide, with a shrug of his shoulders. "We have too many citizens to feed already—one little mouth is never missed."

"Heartless!" breathed Polly, to her friends.

It was back at the hotel, where the "Specials" had found first-class accommodations, that Polly asked the same question of the room clerk. He smiled and answered.

"You never see them fall over, young lady. Those tots seem to be born with one eye open for hazards. Seldom do they meet with accidents at home. When they grow up and work on land, then they get into trouble."

The tourists had been stopping in Hankow two days, and were about to start the next day for Shanghai, to meet the Captain and the vessel. There were no horses, or carts, in the town for visitors to hire, and there were but few automobiles. Yet Mr. Dalken managed to get one of these cars, and invited Mr. Toller to go with him to the steamship office, to make arrangements for the trip on the morrow.

Arrived at the landing, the two men saw that some unusual commotion was being enjoyed by the hordes of coolies there, so the men thought to walk over and see what had happened. Then they saw something to cause them to stare at each other, and then burst into angry laughter.

It was Mrs. Alexander, seated upon her best trunk, and trying to shrink back from contact with the coolies that were crowding up close to her immaculate person. Every one of them was hawking his conveyance, as the best in the land for the least price.

Mrs. Alexander had paid several of them the money asked, and they had slipped away, apparently to bring the cart, but really to urge their friends on to secure a bonus of this rich American. She had been paying out dollar after dollar this way, and still she was left waiting, with her trunk to be conveyed to the hotel.

"Going to leave her there?" asked Mr. Toller coldly.

"She deserves it, but we are gentlemen, Toller," sighed Mr. Dalken, as though he was sorry to be one just then.

"Well, you go in and rescue her, I won't. I'll go and buy the tickets for the trip down the river," retorted Mr. Toller.

"No need of her having the trunk taken to the hotel now," said Mr. Dalken, with a frown. "We're coming back in the morning, and the extra baggage will only make extra work for us."

"Extra work and costs for us?" jeered Mr. Toller. "She should worry what happens to us!"

The slang used by a man who was generally so careful of his speech and manners made Mr. Dalken laugh heartily. And the laugh fitted him for the encounter with Mrs. Alexander.

She was so relieved to see his face in that

large mob of yellow faces, that she would have thrown her arms around Mr. Dalken's neck, could she have reached him. He was thankful for the close-packed coolies at that moment.

Then they made a way for him to pass through, and he called to one, with a more intelligent face than the others, and ordered him to carry the trunk down to the shipping office again. Then he explained to the frowning Mrs. Alexander.

"You are not touring the country alone, are you?"

"Why, no! I came to join Dodo, who misses me, I'm sure. Besides, it is not proper for me to be alone on a yacht with gentlemen, you know."

"Then you will be relieved to hear that we are leaving here in the morning. And it will be useless to take your trunk up to the hotel now. Our baggage will be coming down to-night."

"Captain Hall says he will wait until he hears from you," was the information Mrs. Alexander now gave her host.

"Where did you leave him? Did he send you up the river by steamer?" asked Mr. Dalken.

"Of course not! he is over there; he brought me this afternoon, as I commanded him to do."

"What do you mean? The *Atlanta II.* up

here, in the river, and close at hand?" gasped the amazed man.

"Of course! Did you think I was going to travel alone in heathen Chinee country, when you had a perfectly good and able boat to carry me up the river to meet you? You ought to be thankful that I didn't leave the crew to idle away their time, waiting for you to come down to meet them," was the curt explanation.

"Well, for once in your travels with us, you have done us a favor without knowing it. I suppose you never would have come by Yacht, had you dreamed you were bestowing a pleasant surprise upon your friends," was the reply, which Mr. Dalken could not keep from being scornful, even though he felt obliged to Mrs. Alexander.

Never had her host spoken so curtly to her before; but she was the character that responds to harshness. There are a few such women still in the world—the movies call them the type that need a cave-man to train them into usefulness.

To change the subject of his complaints and her chagrin, Mrs. Alexander said with a whimper, "Those rascally coolies got more than fifteen dollars from me, and still I sit here with my trunk."

Mr. Dalken was so pleased at the cost of her adventure, that he instantly called several of the loungers over to them. He whipped out another ten dollar bill and showed it to them, then he motioned that they were to follow him with the trunk. This said, he thrust the money back into his pocket and started for the wharf, to try to get word to Captain Hall.

The coolies delivered the trunk where Mr. Dalken pointed, and then he turned to its owner and said: "Pay them the ten dollars, Mrs. Alexander. They did as they were told."

With another frown, at the commander of this episode, she counted out the money and then waited to hear what new insolence Mr. Dalken might plan. Mr. Toller and Mate Allen were seen coming across the wharf, however, and Mr. Dalken forgot the troubles of Mrs. Alexander.

The mate explained how they happened to be at Hankow at that time, and Mr. Dalken patted him on the back. "Just get that enormous trunk back to the yacht, and tell the Captain we will come on board in the morning. I will escort the lady to the hotel for this night, and then give you boys time to recuperate from your annoyances."

Mrs. Alexander's advent was a great surprise to her friends, but they said nothing, because they would all be leaving in the morning.

Dodo said to her girl friends, "Ma can't raise much of Cain in *one* night!"

"And she managed to get the yacht up here for us, so that cancels anything else she might do," answered Polly.

"Now we can drift down the Yangtse Kiang as we please," said Eleanor. "I did hate to think of steaming along at top speed and missing all the marvelous sights along the river."

So that is how the "Honeymoon Specials" happened to see everything on the great river; and buy all the marvels on sale to tourists with occidental eyes.

By the time the *Atlanta II.* reached Shanghai, its hold was stocked with all sorts of wares, that had been picked up along that never-to-be-forwere bolts of rare silk from Hankow. Baskets, preserved fruits, elegant robes and coats, relics, gotten trip down the Yangtse Kiang. There souvenirs, draperies, mats of all kinds of materials, and more than all else the numerous reels of pictures kodaked along the route of the "Son of the Ocean."

The girls were going over the lists of their collection, and Polly fairly hugged herself because of one bargain. "I would have given twenty dollars for that jade jar, Nolla, but Carl said to offer the man one dollar, and see what would happen. To think I got a fifty dollar vase for two-fifty!"

"And think of that antique plaque, too!" said Eleanor, as she gloated joyously over the memory of such a bargain. "If it ever was offered on sale in New York, it would bring more than a hundred dollars, I'm sure."

"What did you give for it, Nolla," asked Dodo curiously.

"Ten dollars!"

"Well, we are not losing money on our trip, anyway," was Mrs. Dalken's smiling rejoinder.

"Not when you figure all the rare bargains we have to take home," said Polly.

"Don't forget the custom officers at the other end," was Mr. Dalken's bucket of cold water dashed upon the enthusiasm of the girls.

"Mother has had a regular orgy of stocking up with such oramented raiment as she never dreamed could exist," laughed Dodo.

"And she, too, will have to assist tremendously

in the maintenance of the U. S. government," laughed Mrs. Dalken.

Mr. Dalken had not received the important letters he had expected, and he now hoped to find them waiting for him in Hong Kong.

One of the novelties enjoyed in Shanghai, the evening of the "Specials" stay at the hotel, was a picture of Charlie Chaplin, the favorite comedian of the nation. The theatre was packed, and it was only by using elbows and shoulders that the men forced a way for the ladies to reach the reserved seats.

Shanghai is called the "Paris" of the Far East, and so it impressed the "Specials," after their prolonged journeyings in the more rural towns of China and Japan. The modern hotel where Mr. Dalken conducted his party was as up-to-date as any in Europe and America. It was crowded with tourists from all over the world, and here Mrs. Alexander could thoroughly enjoy her elaborate evening clothes for the first time since she left San Francisco; because here was competition with other women. Hence she spent the entire time that her friends were sight-seeing in Shanghai, in parading the verandahs and lobbies of the elegant hotel. She would sit with other

society ladies and compare notes on Japan, China, and the West, yet few of these babblers had taken time to visit the interesting places to be seen in the Far East.

One of the novel customs in Shanghai, most noticed by the young people in Mr. Dalken's party, was the habit of carrying bird cages about the streets. Birds are the general pets in homes, in tea-houses, in parks, and in hand. It is not uncommon to see a Chinese woman pass you with a bird sitting upon her head, or on her shoulder, or even sitting upon her hand. And the young dandies have them in cages; carrying the small bamboo or reed houses, because they have been brought up to love the birds. Parrots, pigeons, canaries, and other pet birds are owned by every family, no matter how impoverished for money and other comforts.

The "Specials" visited the bird mart; and then other sights, such as the old Walled City, the famous Willow Scene Tea House, the Loongwha Pagoda, and the ever present temples and gardens. It was on the recommendation of another American party, that Mr. Dalken escorted his friends to the "Venice of the East,"—Soochow, which was not far from Shanghai. They admired

the lagoons and canals, and bought more souvenirs,—to add to the duties they would have to pay before getting their wares into New York City.

Having visited and seen everything of note in and around Shanghai, the "Specials" went on board the yacht and the anchor was hauled up. The word was given, and away went the *Atlanta II.* on her trip to Honk Kong. Now the mariners had something to look forward to—letters from home! The first to be received since they left San Francisco.

The usual time for a voyage from Shanghai to Hong Kong would take about two days; but the *Atlanta* tourists were in no haste to arrive anywhere in particular, so they skirted the coast and put in at any inviting town they saw. Hence they stopped at the ports of Hangchow, Ningpo, and then on to Wenchow. After a day and night in the latter city they continued on to Foochow, and spent two days in this section. Then away once more, to visit Amoy, and the tea fields, as well as the silk workers' farms. From Amoy they went to Swatow, and at last came sailing up to the Island of Hong Kong, the beauty spot of China. It is located in an estuary of the Pearl

River, and makes the most of its unique position, to beautify itself in every way. A ferry connects it with the mainland, and the New York girls felt quite at home, in a city of such importance being on an island that had been completely absorbed by the buildings and business of so great a population.

"Just like New York!" said Polly.

It was too late in the evening for the new arrivals to leave the yacht and go ashore, and they had to calm their impatience to inspect the attractive city nearby. Another thing made the girls wish it was morning, to enable them to get on shore, and that was the mail they were expecting in the general delivery of the post office.

"It all depends upon what my letters say, whether we go back home from here, or have leave of absence to continue to the farthest east," said Mr. Dalken, that evening, as they sat on deck watching the alluring lights and sounds of Hong Kong.

"You're wrong there," laughed Polly quickly. "After we leave Shanghai we are drawing ever nearer New York City. That is, we are not going farther east, but we are going nearer west."

"Takes Polly to teach us examples in geography," teased Carl Toller.

"Every fifth grade primary scholar knows that much," was her retort.

"Meaning that we stopped school before we reached that grade," laughed Benjamin.

"Meaning nothing at all, as far as I am concerned," was Polly's rejoinder.

"Dat's right!" approved Eleanor laughingly. "Never mean anything you say, Poll, when you are talking to boys."

Mrs. Alexander sat staring from one to the other of the conversational combatants, and now she asked peevishly: "What is all this about, anyway. I've been trying to understand what you're saying, and I can't make it out. It gives me a headache."

This very just complaint made every one laugh, and Dodo replied, "That's all they are trying to do, Ma. Give each one of us a headache, and then go off alone and indulge in one themselves."

Captain Hall interrupted this inane talk now, and asked Mr. Dalken what he thought of sending Jenks on shore to visit the post office and ask for mail for everyone on board the yacht.

"Oh fine!" exclaimed Polly and Eleanor, before the others could answer. Hence it was but a matter of form for Mr. Dalken to agree to the plan.

They were still on deck, with nothing to do or think of, because everyone was eagerly watching for the return of Jenks, when the Mate came up the side of the vessel, his hands filled with letters and packages. One grand rush was made for him, and he adroitly dodged the grasp of girls' hands, and reached Mr. Dalken for refuge.

The mass of mail was sorted by several pairs of hands, Dodo saying "It reminds me of Christmas in a Sunday School, where a Santa Claus is distributing gifts to impatient infants."

"Here's a thick letter for you, Dodo," called Polly; and the first gift out of Santa Claus' mail pouch was handed to Dodo.

"Several here for Polly Brewster!" called Jenks, sorting them and passing them over to her.

The moment Polly recognized her mother's handwriting she lost interest in the rest of the mail, and sat down to read the precious news from home. She had not read more than a few lines, however, before she sprang up and danced a mad jig, laughing and shaking the letter over her head.

"For goodness' sake, Polly, what has happened? Is Tom Latimer married to that

South American girl?" called Eleanor curiously.

"Tom! I should say not," retorted Polly, "But I haven't read his letter yet. This is from mother, and she writes me that John and Anne have a little son, a month old now, and his name is Latimer Brewster. Can you blame me for being on springs, when I realize that I am a real live aunt to the most precious boy in the world!"

The other members in the party smiled in ready sympathy with Polly's surprise and delight, and Eleanor ran over to her friend's side.

"Poll, is it really so, or are you joking, to turn aside my questions about Tom?"

"True! of course it is—read that!" commanded Polly, thrusting the page under Eleanor's nose, to assure her it was true.

"Well, then, all I can say is, it isn't fair of you! Here you go and become an aunt, and I am left alone again. The only step for me now will be to get married to Paul and have some one to console me," Eleanor spoke in a weepy tone.

"What is the matter with you, anyway?" laughed Polly.

"Don't I see how it will be? You will be forever talking baby Latimer Brewster, and nothing else will interest you henceforth. Your friends

will never draw a kind word from you again."

Polly laughed heartily at such jealousy, and retorted: "You are the ace of silly creatures, Nolla. Do tell me what good will a baby in the Rocky Mountains be to me, when I am in China; and am expecting shortly to land in India, and then in Egypt?"

"Oh, well," replied Eleanor, "It is psychological, you see. Even Tom will suffer by the advent of this new interest."

"Oh, that reminds me, I haven't read Tom's letter," was Polly's exclamation.

"There, I told you so. It is working already," said her chum, but now Carl Toller called out.

"A great bulky letter from Pt. Berrio for Eleanor Maynard!" And Eleanor sprang for it like a wild cat. A few moments later and she was out of sight—had vanished to her own favorite corner on the yacht, to read her sweetheart's letter.

Polly went to her seat and opened Tom's letter. She read it through, then read it again, and wondered over its news. As she decided to go tell Dalky the news she had just read, she saw Eleanor hurrying over to speak to him. Now she waited to listen.

"Dalky, Paul writes the queerest news! He says Jack Baxter is perfectly well again, but is as much in love with his nurse as ever. But he says everyone in the Expedition is in love with her, too. She is so wonderful, he says. The native father has told Fuzzy and Alex. the queerest story! but Paul only mentions a few points to me in this letter. He says that the Indian told how he found the girl in an abandoned mining camp, the mother dead, and mangled by wild beasts. The babe, a few days old, securely tied to the poles that upheld the roof of the hut. The woman was unrecognizable, but the infant had a trinket tied to a string around its neck; and on this bracelet were certain letters which had not been worn off. That is why they named the girl 'Carol,' because they were the first letters of a name engraved upon the bracelet.

"It seems the mother was English, because the lettering was English; and other things discovered in the camp proved the surmise to be right. So now we have a very romantic problem to solve: Your ward with all his riches, in love with a foundling in Colombia, who has been educated by an old priest down there, and can sing like a bird, and heal illness by her voice

and herbs. Also she is English, and may turn out to be an earl's daughter—who knows? So Jack, with his money, can start in to search for her family, and when she is welcomed to her long-lost loved ones, he will bend his knee and claim his reward!"

"Oh, Nolla, you romantic girl!" laughed Mrs. Dalken.

"More than likely, Jack will forget there ever was a girl in Colombia, by the time he has sought for her people, for a few months. He is not the boy to remain loyal to one girl, when the pursuit of the girl makes him exert himself, in the least," added Mr. Dalken.

"We'll see! Time will tell whether he is smitten, or can be cured," added Polly, but she did not tell the news Tom had written in his letter to her. She began to think that Jack really might be in love with this girl, as Tom said he was, and she was not going to gossip about it.

"Well, no one has cared a fig for my news," now said Mr. Dalken. "Upon my letter so much depended, too. On to Egypt, or back home!"

"Oh, Dalky! Tell us about it," cried a storm of voices.

"That's all very well, now that I mention it

to you; but you couldn't have cared *really,* because you never thought of it."

"Yes, we did, too!" declared Eleanor, "But the news about Jack is so thrilling."

Mrs. Dalken urged her husband to speak and now he reported smilingly:

"Well, my affairs in the States are in fine condition, and we may plan to go on to India and the land of the Nile, if we choose to do so. It all depends on the vote."

"Can you ask such a useless question?" laughed Polly.

"Why cast a vote, when no one present is opposed to the trip," added Eleanor.

"Well, then, shall we engage Captain Hall to outline a visit to the Philippines, and thence on to India and the Sahara Desert?" asked the host.

"Aye, aye, Captain!" chorused a group of friends, and it was finally decided that the "Honeymoon Special" would cruise to other ancient lands.

THE END

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